

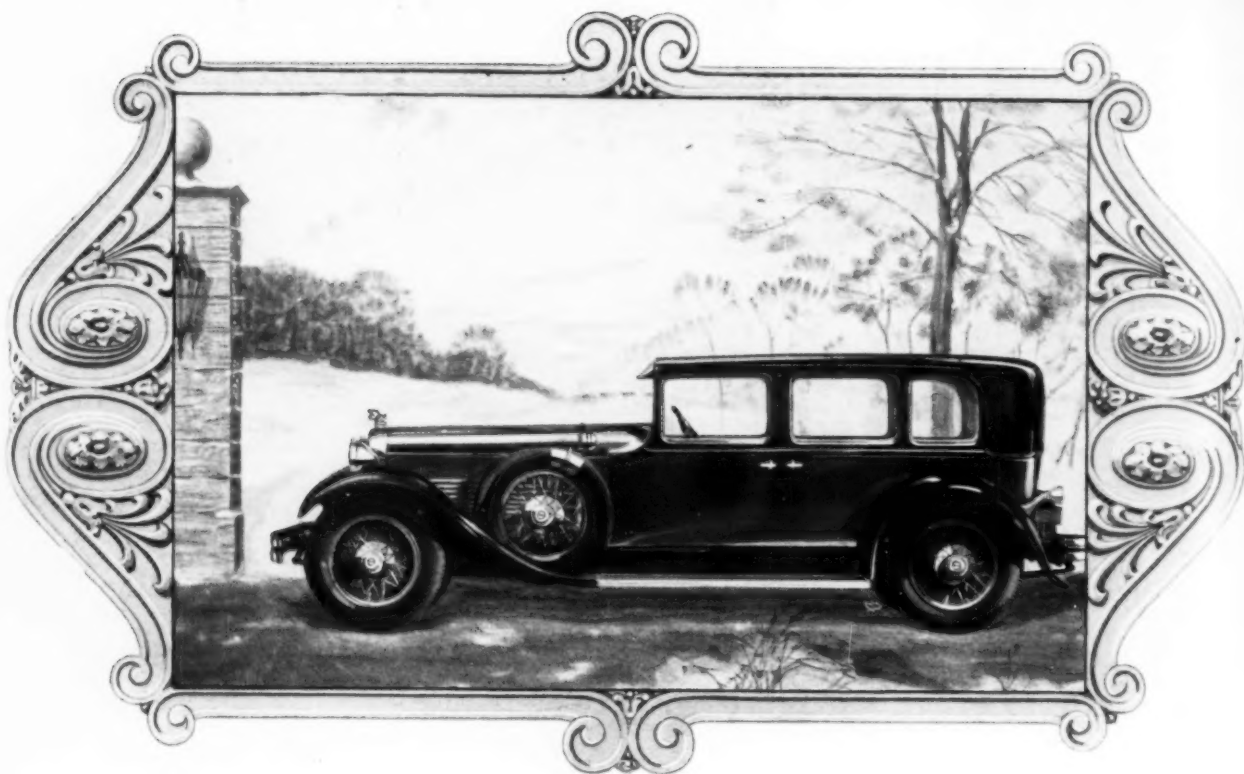
LIFE

15 Cents

December 21 1928



"Yaaah—I'm goin' to tell on you—stealin' horses offen the merry-go-round!"



IN SNOW THE STUTZ SHINES IN RADIANT BEAUTY.
ITS LOW SWUNG WEIGHT GIVES UNMATCHED
SECURITY EVEN ON THE SLIPPERIEST PAVEMENTS.
ITS GREAT POWER AND NIMBLE SPEED GIVE IT EASY
MASTERY OF SNOW-CHOKED ROADWAYS. THE
BEAUTY OF SAFETY! AND ADDED TO THAT IS THE RE-
SPLENDENT ELEGANCE OF AMERICA'S QUALITY CAR.

THE
LOW-WEIGHTED
STUTZ



LOW - WEIGHT MEANS SAFETY - BEAUTY - COMFORT - SPEED

"The Girl Who Broke My Heart"

SHE didn't pierce my very being with her strange, wonderful eyes and then melt into the mysterious Singapore bazaar crowd, never to be seen again. . . .

She didn't fan into flame those deeper feelings which every man who is a man at all has toward a good woman, only to tell me at the last that she had consecrated her life to the enforcement of Prohibition and would never marry again. . . .

She didn't fascinate me with her low, sensuous beauty until all that was bestial in my nature was thoroughly aroused and I left my dependent family and shamefully accepted a position as furnace-man in her household. . . .

She didn't marry me and then carry on an open, cynical affair with our local Scout Master, while my whole parched soul cried aloud for love. . . .

But she *did* slow down suddenly to peer into an Antiques Shoppee window when I was just behind her going forty-five miles an hour!

Heman Fay, Jr.

On Interviewing a Starfish

CONSIDER the echinoderm.

Do not confuse him with the worm

Echinococcus taenia.

The latter is a parasite,

The first an independent wight,

Though not inclined to mania:

A creature pleasanter than most,

Which might be served on buttered toast,

Though I would never eat one.

His exoskeleton is set

With little spines; and if, as yet,

You have not chanced to meet one,

Go buy yourself a diving suit

With rubber shirt and leaden boot

And walk into the ocean,

Where you may safely interview

The starfish. He will welcome you

With visible emotion.

But if you chance to represent

A tabloid, it is time misspent.

He'll peer from out the bowlders

And say, in accents strict and formal,

"My sex-life is completely normal,"

And turn his five cold shoulders.

A. K. L.

MAN FAILURE

"WHY don't some of our celebrated inventors git up an improvement on inspectors? All great calamities on land or sea, all bank failures, collapses in theaters, faulty grandstands, holocausts, ever'thing 'cept tornadoes, have been traced directly to inspectors that didn't inspect."

—Abe Martin, in *Indianapolis News*.

It takes about twenty years of hard work to succeed and you have to work hard for about fifty years if you fail.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

4 Words

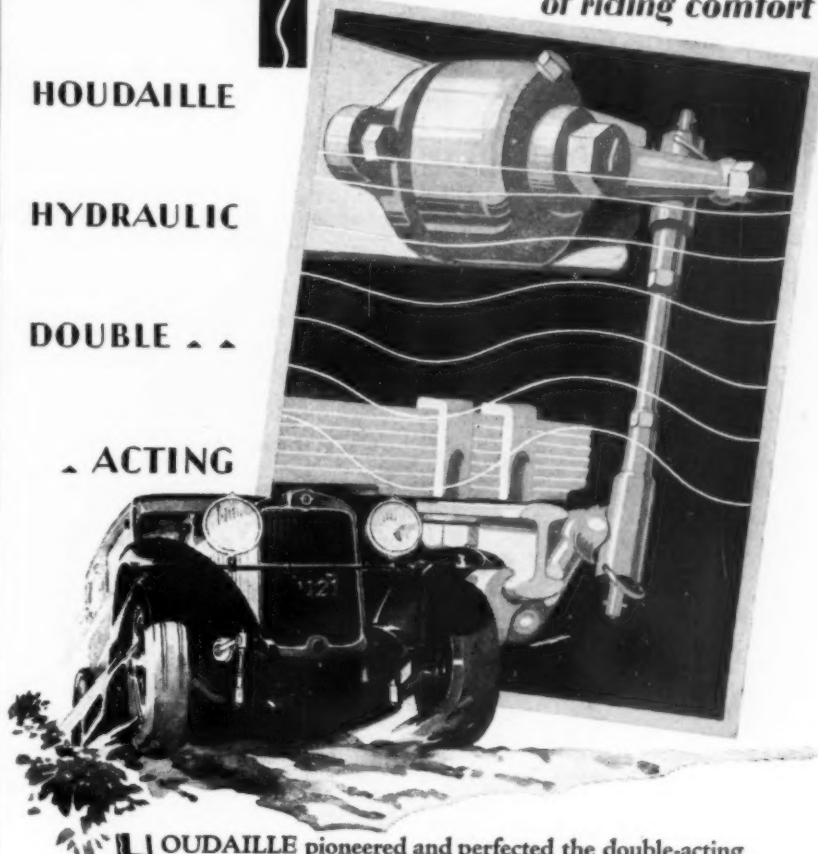
made obsolete all former ideas of riding comfort

HOUDAILLE

HYDRAULIC

DOUBLE

ACTING



HOUDAILLE pioneered and perfected the double-acting hydraulic shock absorber. Now thousands of critical car owners and exacting engineers specify Houdailles. For Houdailles are not in the experimental stage but have been tried and tested over a period of years.

Hydraulic—their resistance is always in proportion to the speed of spring movement. Precision-built of the strongest steels, no relief valves are necessary to relieve high pressures. Houdailles do not lose their effectiveness on rough roads.

Double-Acting, like your car springs, Houdailles prevent "striking bottom" and kill recoil before it starts! Connected by a steel arm, they move as fast as your springs.

Hydraulic...Double-acting...smoother riding...higher speeds... Houdaille performance justifies their cost. That is the verdict of engineers who made them standard equipment on Lincoln, Ford, Pierce-Arrow, Nash Advanced Six, Stearns-Knight, Jordan, Cunningham and thirty-three European cars.

Send for the wonderful story of Houdaille and the actual experiences of a car owner, as told in our interesting booklet, "What I Didn't Know about Shock Absorbers."

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SHOCK ABSORBERS

HOUDAILLE ENGINEERING CORP., Dept. L12 537 E. Delavan Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me your booklet, "Some Things I Didn't Know About Shock Absorbers."

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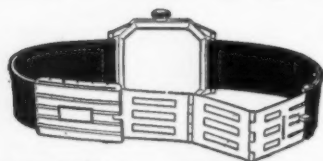
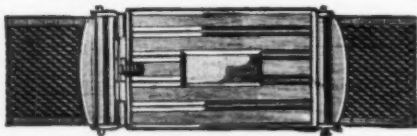
He Knows What Men Appreciate

DEPEND on Santa to warm the cockles of masculine hearts. This year his Christmas sack is heavy with bright and shining Kremenz Wrist Watch Bands.

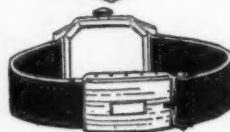
Awkward prongs and buckles form no part of Kremenz Wrist Watch Bands. In their stead are three thin expanding links that fold into a compact casing. Opened, band and watch make a loop that slips on or off—over the hand; or up on arm when washing hands.

Link casings in Kremenz Quality Rolled Gold Plate, with leather straps or flexible Milanaise mesh bands, \$12.50 to \$17.50. Also in 14 kt. and 18 kt. solid gold and platinum. At your dealer's or write for name of nearest one.

KREMENTZ & CO., NEWARK N. J.



When completely expanded there is ample allowance for free passage over hand or up on forearm.



Kremenz
WRIST WATCH
▼ BAND ▼

Yeh, He's a Great Kid!

"Just the minute you finish your dinner I want you to do something about Junior. I simply will not go through another day like this."

"He's a great kid! What's he been up to now?"

"You mean what hasn't he been up to! Look where he knocked a baseball through the window! And then just stood there and grinned!"

"Ha, ha! That kid's going to be a second Babe Ruth!"

"Then he came racing right through the house, muddy boots and everything, and knocked that new vase of mine into a million pieces!"

"Ho, ho, ho! Say, I'll bet it scared the wits out of him!"

"And then he piled three chairs on a table and pushed them all over, just to see how much noise he could make!"

"By golly, Junior certainly has pep!"

"Oh, yes! And when I started to scold him..."

"Scold him! Scold a youngster because he's a healthy, active boy?"

"Is that the way you feel about it?"

"Certainly! I want that kid to grow up into a two-fisted he-man like his father, not some tiptoeing, whispering sissy! What if he does break up a few things? I think we ought to be proud of the kid for having energy and courage enough to do a little harmless damage!"

"Do you call smashing..."

"Certainly I do! He didn't break a thing that can't be replaced! Now, listen: you're just acting silly when you let that kid get your goat! What you should do is laugh at him when he goes on one of his kid rampages! Just laugh, that's all!"

"Well, I did when he was trying to play golf in the yard with rocks and smashed your new mashie!"

"What!... He smashed my new....! Junior!... Where'd that kid go? What did you let him have that mashie for? ... Why didn't you stop him?... And you say you laughed!... Is that any way to raise a kid?... D'you want him to grow up into a gunman?... Junior!... JUNIOR!... My new....! Oh, boy! ... Just wait till I get my mitts on that kid!..."

Chet Johnson.

REGRET

I wish I cared for watercress,
The name sounds so delicious;
Besides, they give you quite a mess
For nothing on meat dishes.

C. B. DeC.

WASHINGTON HOSTESS (at distinguished party, introducing a guest): Mr. Johnson, this is Vice-President Dawes.

GUEST (a humorist): Vice-President, eh? Ha, ha, ha, I guess his father must be one of the owners of the country.

A pound of cheer to start the year!



WITH the Yule log burning brightly and a pound canister beside him of the mildest, most fragrant pipe mixture that ever came out of the South—what more could a man ask? Give him the pound can of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco for Christmas. It's protected inside by heavy gold foil and the canister comes in a handsome Christmas carton.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation,
Winston-Salem and Louisville



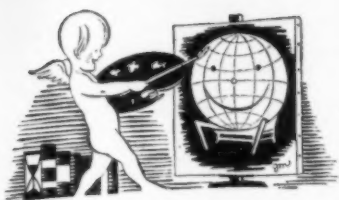
SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

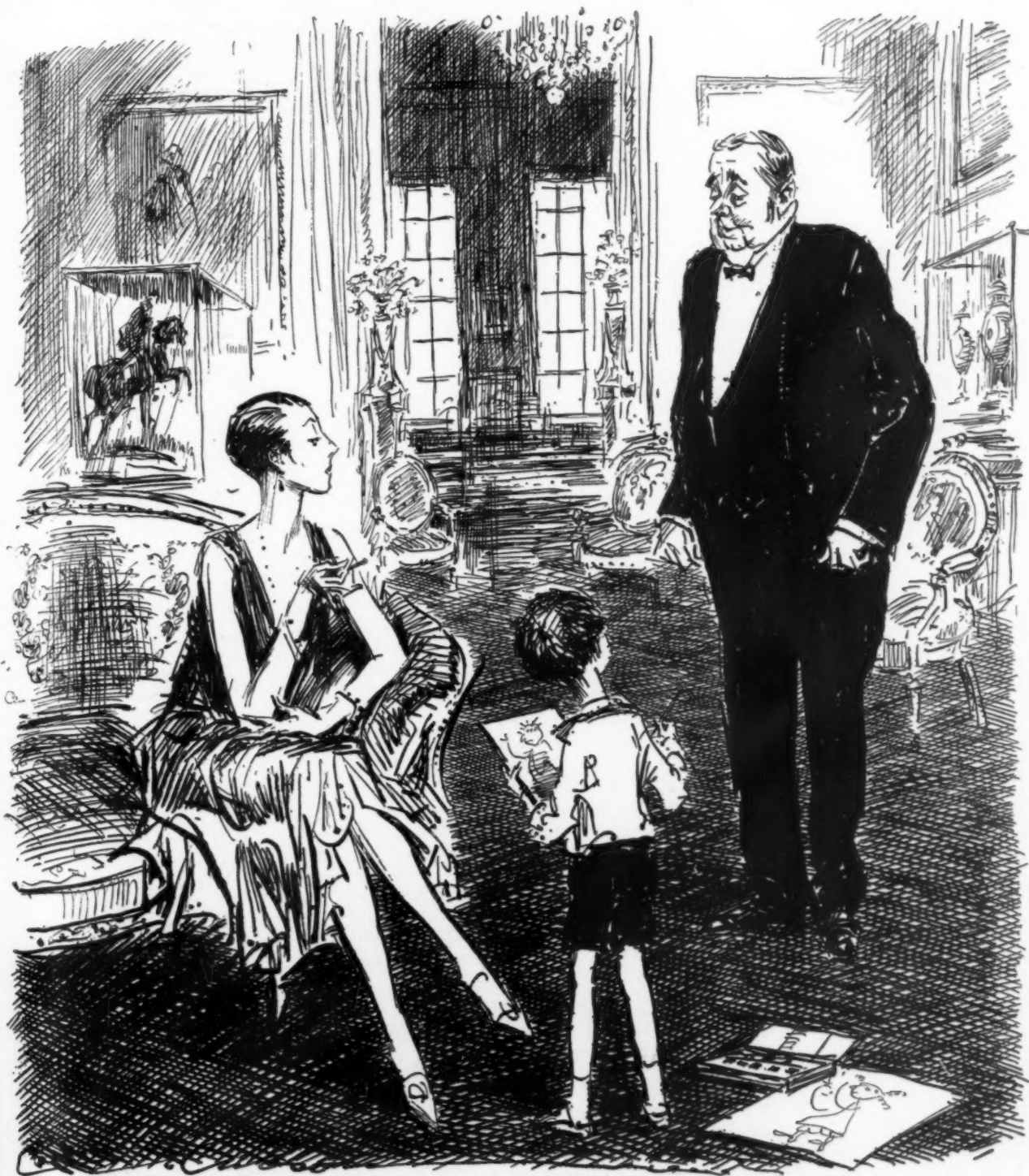
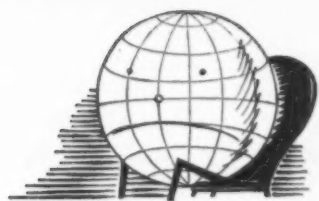
It's



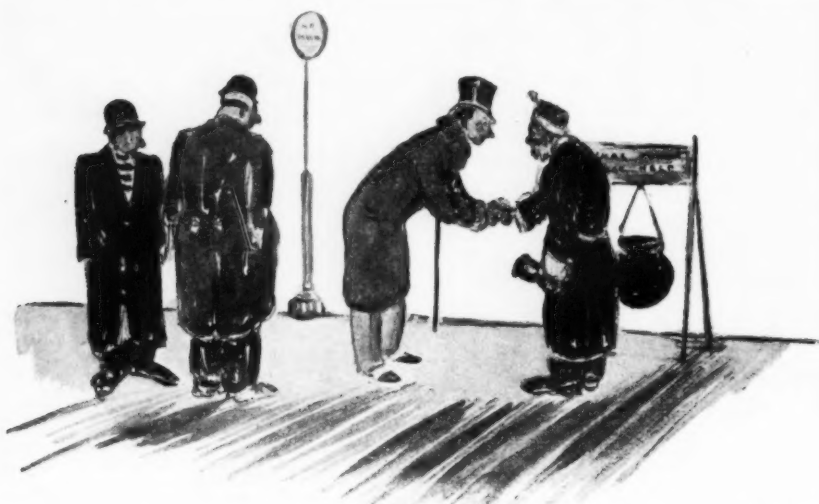
milder



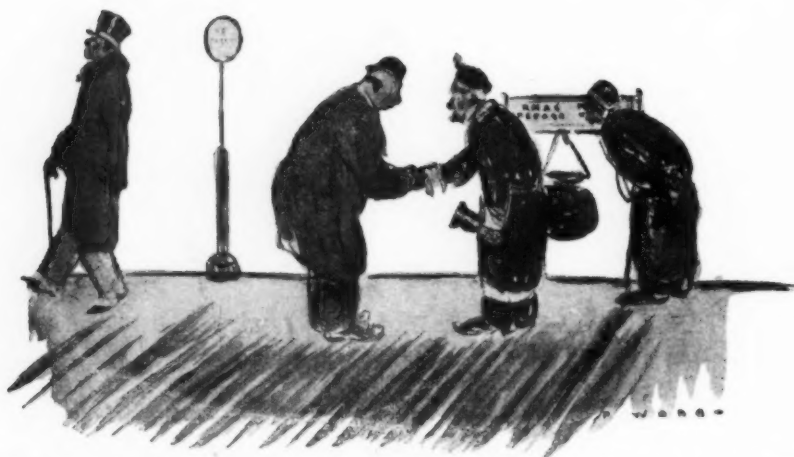
LIFE



"James, tomorrow is Christmas Day and I want you to turn on the electric refrigerator and make some snowballs for Master Bertram to throw at you."



"Here, my good man, is five dollars for the fund, and five dollars for yourself. Merry Christmas to you."



"Merry Christmas, Old Timer! Say, if you wanta run off for a bite ta eat, me and Joe will be glad to watch tha kettle while ye're gone."

The Fabric of Deduction

"Ha, my dear Watson," muttered Sherlock Holmes, bending over the fluffy gray mass on the ashtray. "We now know what brand of cigarette the murderer was smoking!"

"Wonderful!" I marveled. "I suppose your long study of tobacco ash enables you to deduce that fact from the special quality of the residue?"

"Absurd!" sneered the great detective. "My dear fellow, how often must I impress it upon you that—"

"Then how can you tell?" I interrupted him. "After all, Holmes, you are limited to material evidence, however

slight. Did the fiend in human form leave behind an empty carton? Or a butt?"

"Wrong again," he chuckled, amused by my denseness; "it is perfectly simple—see—here, under one corner of the ashtray is a bit of lint from the blindfold!"

Heman Fay, Jr.

"THE NEWSBOY on this train is a super-salesman."

"Yes?"

"Yes. He sells *True Stories* with *American Mercury* covers."

IN SCOTLAND the customer is always tight.

The Mantle of Tunney

by
John
Kieran

GENE TUNNEY left the heavyweight boxing situation so confused that an explanation is necessary. The Tunney who delivered a Shakespeare lecture before the English class of Prof. William Lyon Phelps and who exchanged literary criticisms with George Bernard Shaw was, though boxing blushes to admit it, the same Tunney who held the world's heavyweight boxing title. But it should be announced here and now, to clear up any misunderstanding on the subject, that the Mr. Stribling who expects to succeed Mr. Tunney as heavyweight champion of the world is not the Mr. Stribling who wrote "Teetfallow."

It is well to get these things clear. Some years ago a famous sculler, Walter Hoover, of Duluth, went to England and won the great singles trophy of the rowing world, the Diamond Sculls. On his triumphant return to Duluth the whole city turned out to do him honor and one of the local poetesses hymned the hero in a spasm of verse beginning:

"You who fed the starving thousands!"

To prevent any confusion in the present instance, it should be said that Mr. Stribling of the squared circle differs from Mr. Stribling of the literary circle in that he is taller and richer. If the Mr. Stribling of the squared circle ever wins the heavyweight championship of the world, he will also—ex officio—become a more famous writer than the Mr. Stribling of the literary circle. But that matter can be taken up when, as and if the pugilistic crown tossed aside by Tunney is placed upon the brow of William Lawrence (Young) Stribling—meaning the prizefighting gent—of Atlanta, Ga.

It's odd to observe how the fight critics have switched on Young Stribling. About a year ago, after half a dozen unsatisfactory battles in Northern territory, this young pugilist couldn't have drawn three rousing cheers with a yoke of oxen. Of the thousands who turned out to watch him in the ring, half of them fell asleep in the early rounds. They were the lucky ones. The wakeful fans, forced to look at the spectacle in the ring, burst into tears. It was the opinion of the experts that Young Stribling, if he kept going in the direction in which he was headed, would make a fine mess of fishbait for fish that weren't particular what they ate.

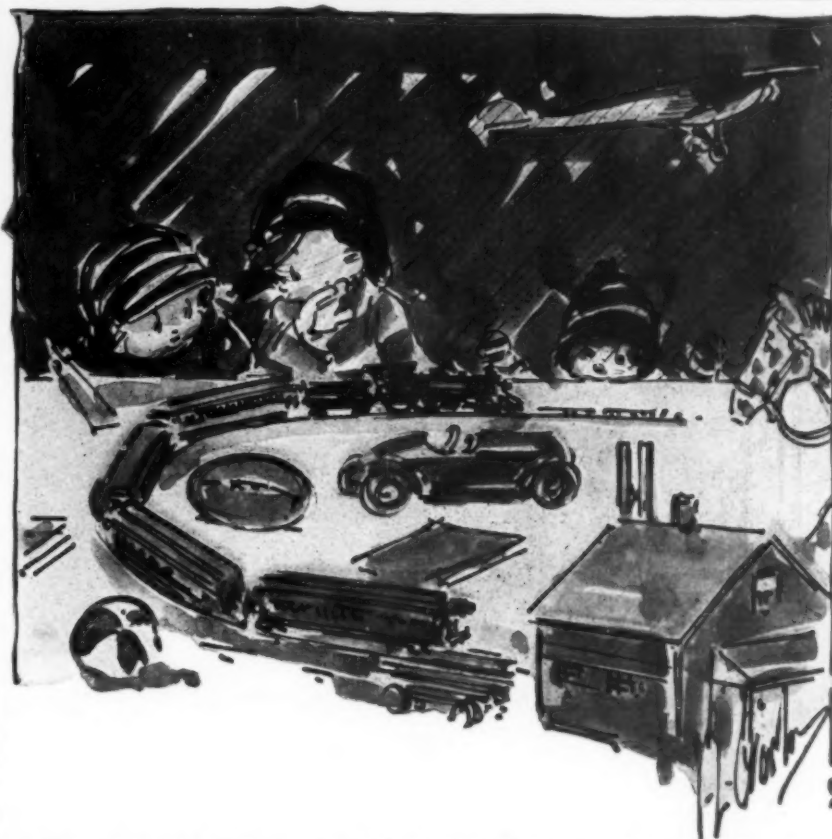
The trouble seemed to be caused by the bringing-up of the young man. His father and mother were circus performers and vaudeville acrobats. With their two boys, Willie and his brother, the family toured

the theaters and tent shows of the South, the youngsters following in the flying rings and human pyramids of their elders. It was with that early training that Willie wandered into the prize-ring, and he never forgot his early training. Thus it happened that when fight spectators were calling for fighting, Willie was doing acrobatic stunts.

He was marvelous at that. He could grab an opponent around the head with his right hand and swing himself around to the left as if on horizontal bars. He could chin himself seven times in a row on an opponent's shoulder-blades. He could throw flipflops in form. He could walk on his hands and juggle his partner with his feet. And with all these things, he managed to outscramble practically all of his opponents for quite a while.

His father was his manager and his mother was assistant manager and a second in his corner at every fight, from which point of vantage she exchanged verbal barrages with any spectators who spoke rudely of her Willie's work in the ring. It was quite a picturesque combination. At one stage in the game the family set off on a tour of the country in a "palace touring car" that housed the whole troupe. Willie was fighting two or three times a week in the small towns along the way. The tour broke up somewhere in the West when the irate fight fans discovered that the "worthy contender" who faced Young Stribling in the ring at night was the chauffeur of the "palace touring car" of the Striblings in the daytime. The sheriff voted against a repetition of such friendly gatherings.

It may have been Stribling's affection



"When I was his age I used to get a hell of a kick sticking around the last minute."

for chauffeur opponents that led him into the ring with Paul Berlenbach, who formerly piloted a guerilla taxi through the heavy traffic. Berlenbach, not being on the Stribling pay-roll, failed to dive

at the required moment. In fact, he treated the Georgia prodigy rather roughly, and without due consideration for the lad's tender years.

Even his rabid Southern supporters soured on Willie after a while. They decided he had been "burnt out" by his violent acrobatic efforts and his three-a-week meetings with set-ups into which he had been forced by his father. But it appears, according to several astonished critics, that he has turned over a new leaf. The boy of twenty-four—he began fighting in pinafores—has had a rejuvenation. His mother no longer coaches him from a corner and his father no longer matches him with the Stribling chauffeur. So there is a slim, willowy chance that the State of Georgia, mother of Bobby Jones, may become the parent of another national champion.

REVENGE

HE: So Kitty and the doctor busted up?

SHE: Yes. She sent him back his ring.

HE: What did he do?

SHE: He sent her a bill for 365 visits at five dollars apiece.



SHE: Does your mother know you're out?



A REASONABLE RETURN FOR YOUR MONEY

THE MAIN STEM



DEAR PAL WILLARD:

by
Walter Winchell

You once asked me if it were true that the clique that collects in the Algonquin Hotel dining-room conspired every noon on what reputation to wreck or boost. I really couldn't tell you, Willard, for I have only been to the place twice, and I discovered that the "round table" was like almost any other table except that the people who sat around it were a bit more interesting than the average. I never sat at the dumb thing, mind you, but I know most of them and they are not conspirators on literary matters, or boogey men at all.

But many of the writers who have been spanked by the Algonk Mob check it up to "personal reasons" and satisfy their aggravated minds by charging the Algonquins with being log-rollers. A log-roller, Willard, is said to be a person who pats you on the back if you pat him in return.

Well, F. P. A. handed me a heavy chuckle once by refuting the same charge

with these words: "The only log-rollers I know are people who get great big logs and roll them over their friends' necks!" This is quite true. The average writer around here would rather yip at or twit a contemporary than boost him. For the same reason that people prefer reading matter that will annoy somebody and seldom get interested in the Pollyanna type of stuff. In fewer words, Will Rogers is

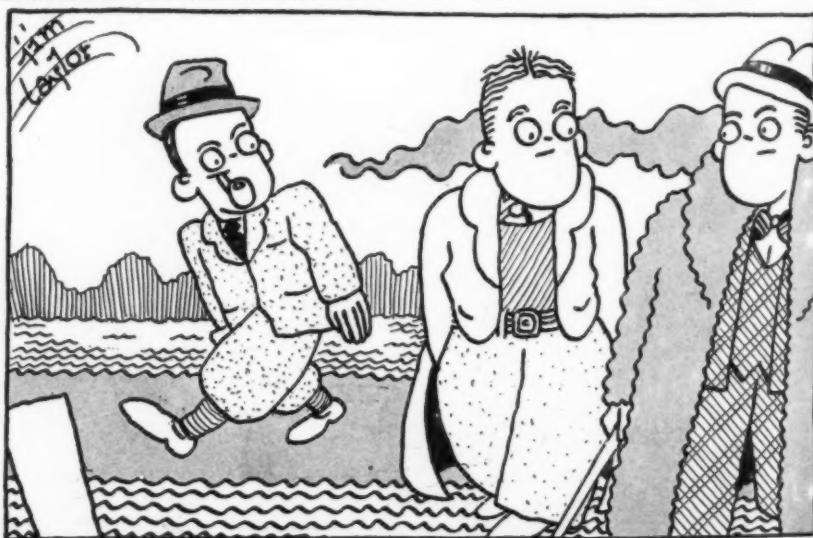
always more interesting when he is belittlin' the Government than he is when he is giving it a break.

But what I started out to say, Willard, is that you seldom hear or read of the Algonquin crowd any more. Perhaps it is because so many of them have strayed or deserted the group. Most of the hero-worshippers who used to fight to get by George at the Algonk (to ogle their favorite authors) are now gathering at Sardi's place on 44th Street, and between 1 and 2:30 every day, if you are an autograph fiend, you can get at least ten pages of X's there.

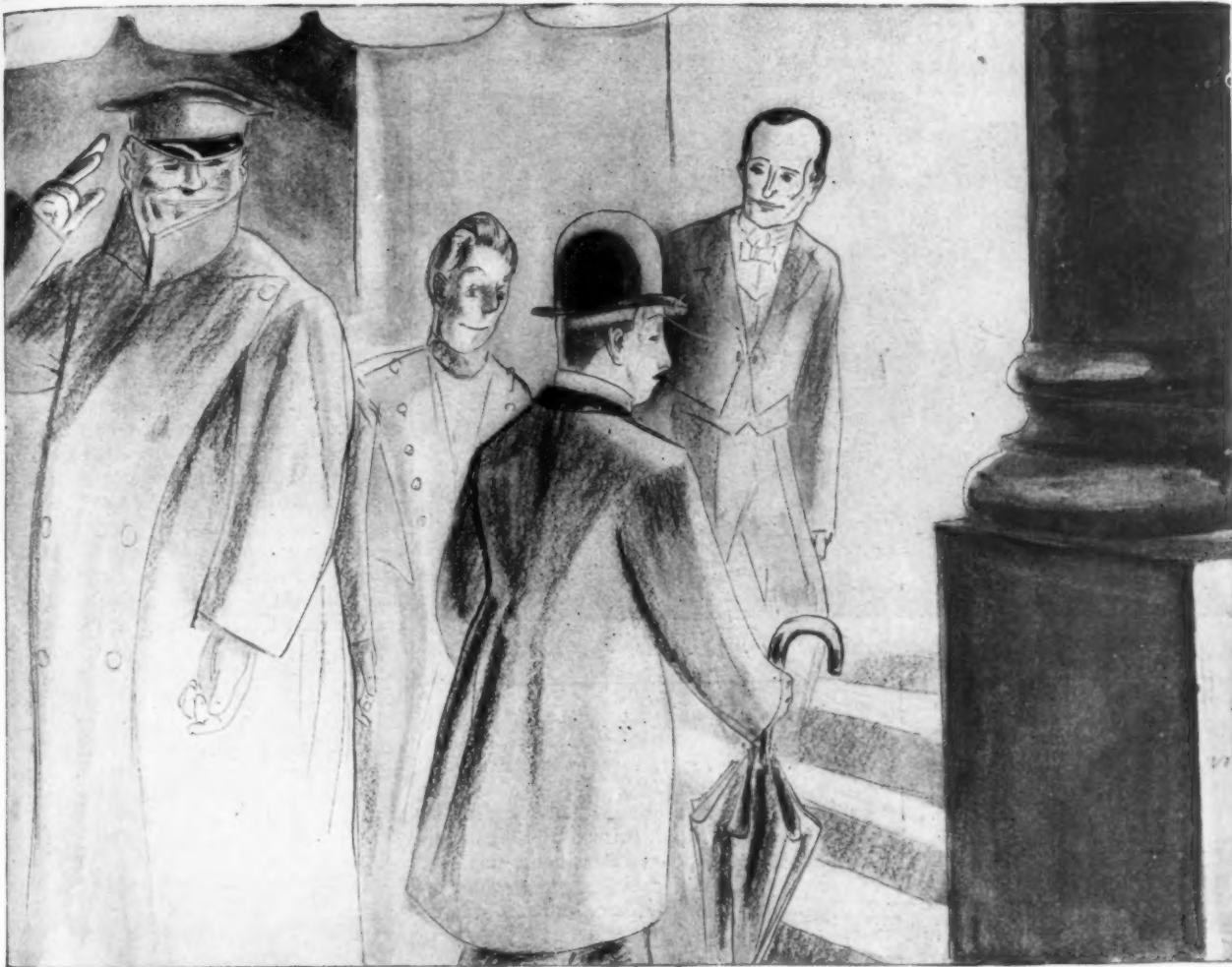
The proprietor is a kindly fellow and he is immensely popular. But he is aging fast trying to please the temperamental patrons who squawk incessantly about this or that, but chiefly over a table "with a view" or why "my caricature or photo isn't being displayed yet."

Sardi enticed most of the celebs and near-celebs by decorating his restaurant with their likenesses and signatures, which are framed on the walls. Directly over the entrance looking out is a huge caricature of Mayor Jimmy Walker and below Jimmy's is one of Lee Shubert, the dramatic critic's severest friend. Over there is one of Texas Guinan showing her huge molars and heavily rouged lips and mascarad orbs, and over here you may lamp a likeness of some actress you hate or some writer you despise. The caricatures are all by a Russian named Gard; hence the wisecrack: "Gard's Chosen People."

As a rule the living pictures are seated under their own free advertisements drinking a saucerful of java or



JIM: Did the honor system work well in your college?
JOE: Yes—until some darn sneak went and squealed on us.



'T WAS THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

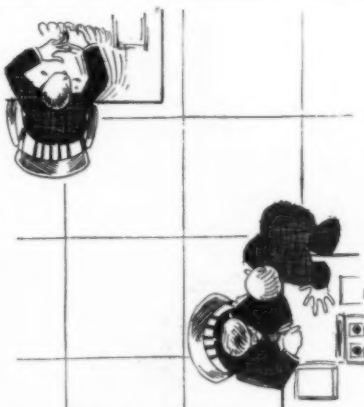
Victor De Pauw

tearing a herring. A corner is reserved for a group of press agents or advertising solicitors who would have listeners believe they are newspaper men and many of them are boisterous and phony. Sardi cannot do anything about it, however, but he probably wishes *There Was a Law*.

You may admire your favorite actress in Sardi's or get a load of how she looks off the stage or how she eats and gabs. Then there's the type *Who Would!* and the type *Who Wouldn't*. Laura Hope Crews breaks her fast there and Katharine Cornell, Jeanne Eagels, Margaret Lawrence and other actresses gather to chat and pay one dollar for corn-flakes and cream with bah-nah-nahs.

If you want to learn whose reputation is being shattered, then Sardi's is recommended at luncheon time. If you'd see New Yorkers in the middle of the night (which is noon), ditto. And if you would see snobs snubbing each other or "yessing"

each other or panning the other fellow, then don't miss Sardi's, for it is plenty of



"Why is Crawford taking that peculiar arm exercise?"

"Getting ready to address Christmas cards."

fun—provided you are not the party being put in the grease.

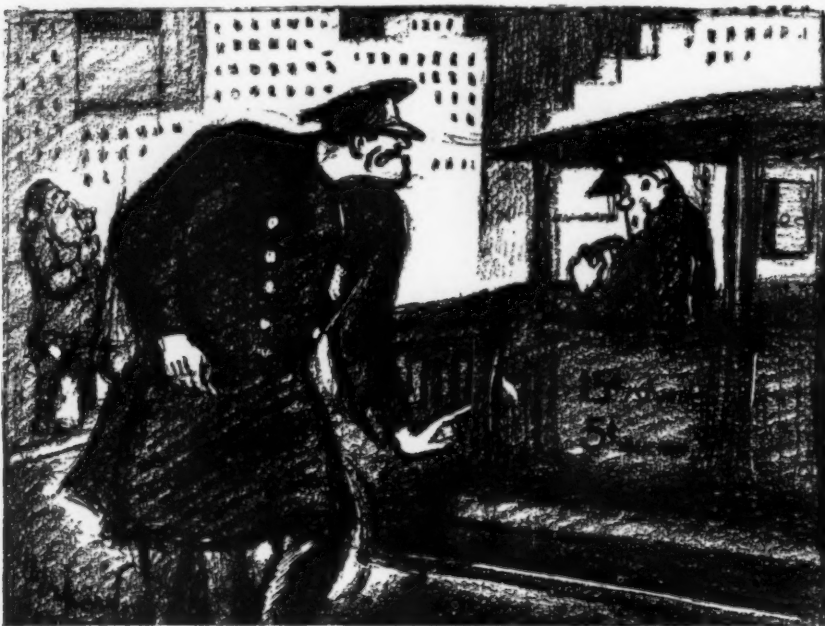
I suppose every hamlet has its "Sardi's" but there cannot be one as interesting as the one on 44th Street, nor is there a hat-check girl as fascinating as Renée Carroll, who has *Learned About Life* since the place opened. It was Renée who once labeled a nuisance with a flip crack that he has never been able to live down. She said of the loud-mouthed guy: "He's the type who makes a noise buttoning his coat!" And I'll lay you any odds that if you ever displayed this letter to any of them, they'd say that the crack must have been meant for somebody else.

You must come to town again and meet them, God forbid!

CHARITY AT HOME

BETTY: Where's the car, Paul?

PAUL: I lent it to Dad tonight.



"I said 'Merry Christmas,' did y' get me!!"



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

by
*Baird
Leonard*

NOVEMBER 26 — Up betimes and at our Christmas card list, wishing that the wedding ceremonies it has undergone during the past year had been cases of intermarriage for that I must add nineteen names to it somehow. Then to the shops to buy some stub scissors, pillow tubing, etc., achieving a great moral victory in that I did pass by the holiday merchandise on display without falling for any of it, but Lord! the stores were so overheated that I was finally obliged to doff my greatcoat, even though I did well recall my grandmother's scornful characterization in the days of tailored suits, "She is the kind of woman who carries her jacket." So to a barber for a trim and set, my permanent wave of three weeks ago having vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision leaving not a ripple behind, and when I did tell him how I have always secretly longed to own an assortment of wigs, in especial a splendid one of henna color, he did respond seriously, warning me of their heat and discomfort. Then he did put me under the warmest glare that ever I felt

in my life, and left me like a trapped animal between two great lamps, so that it amused me to be reading Benjamin Kidd's "The Science of Power" on the integration of the individual and the survival of the fittest, in such a helpless situation, but I did glean from the text that in the future civilization will rest not on reason but on emotion, and that will be a lucky break for some of us.

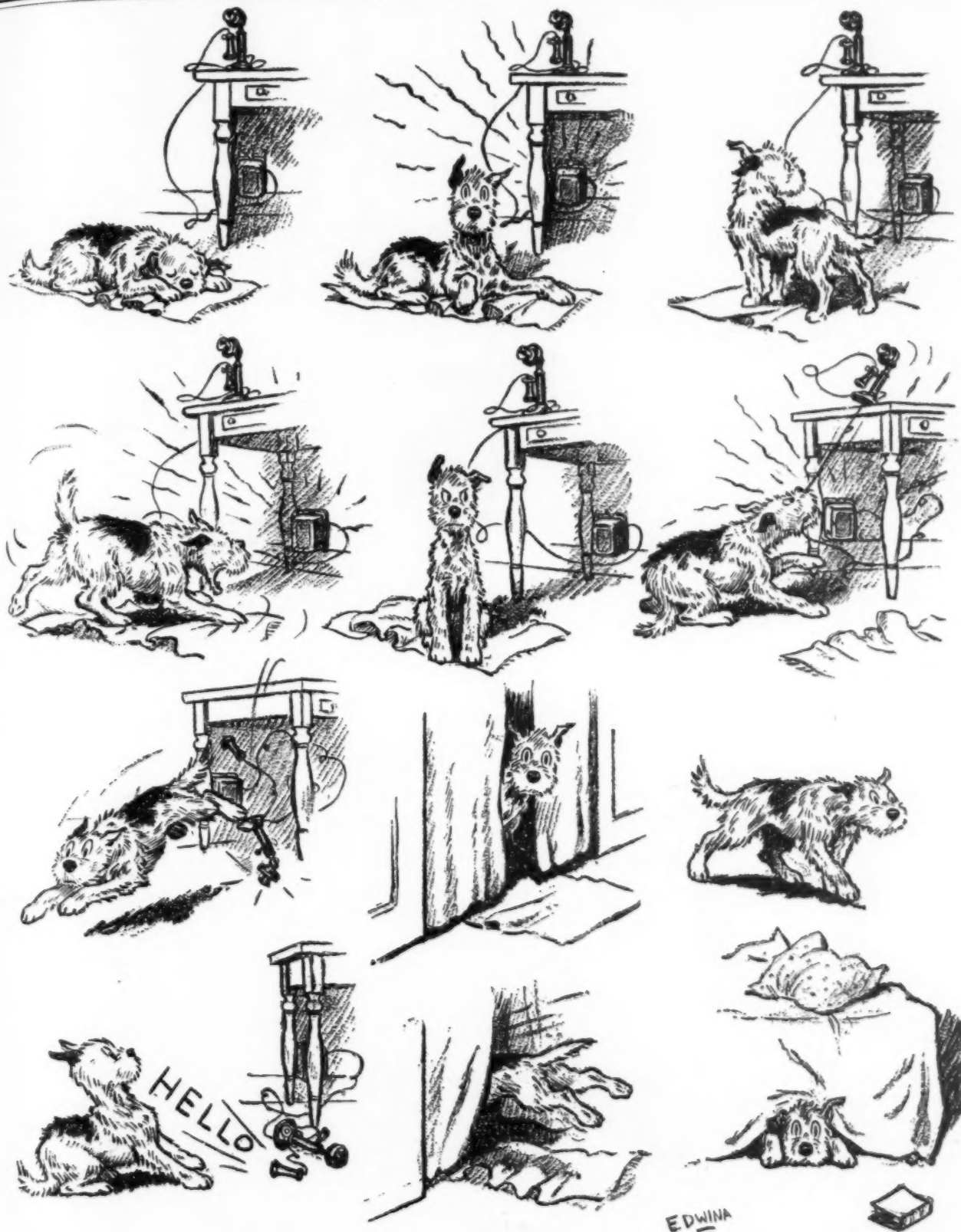
NOVEMBER 27—A letter from Aunt Caroline announcing her imminent arrival, which means that I must forego wearing my new rose diamond earrings whilst she is here and also hide the table centerpiece for which she is sure to think I laid out too much money, but if I can get a new set of encyclopedias out of her I shall feel compensated, forasmuch as the ones we are using do antedate the assassination of the Czar. A-reading in Albert Wiggam's "Exploring Your Mind," finding the chapter on fear fascinating, albeit I am wroth with him for bringing to my attention the potential danger in going upstairs, a business which we risk with no apprehension soever, and yet thousands of persons have broken their necks whilst so engaged. Lord! I do now descend steps as though I were an octogenarian, and I suppose that in the future I shall become unable, through this new suggestion, to ascend any except on my hands and knees. The Barnewalls to dinner, Sam serving his new cocktaile and sampling it so generously that I was obliged to make him repeat, "She stood at the gate welcoming him in," before I dared trust him at the table, but he did survive the test. Much silly talk, and in listing things that were difficult, my candidates were reading a mussed newspaper, dining without a napkin and bathing without a cloth or sponge.

HARRY: I think there ought to be a law—

LARRY: There probably is.



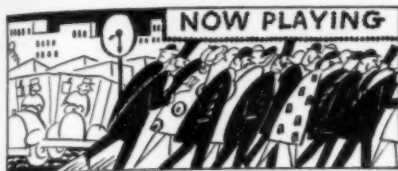
"Somebody to see you, Mr. Fitzroy. Yes—whatzat? Important? Well—no-o-oah—that is—I don't think so."



"The Line Is Busy!"



The Above Picture Is Published Here Merely to Remind You That in Future Years Decorations of This Style Will Be Known as Typical of the Coolidge Period



THE THEATRE



The Dominant Sex

by
Robert
Benchley

FOUR distinctly leading ladies came into town a week or so ago, each one leading by the nose the play she was in. Katharine Cornell, Jane Cowl, Alice Brady and Helen Menken all appeared and the names of the plays do not matter so much.

Of course, the name of Miss Cornell's play sounds impressive: "The Age of Innocence." Readers of the Edith Wharton novel will prick up their ears when they hear it and expect something pretty good. What they will get will be Miss Cornell looking very lovely in the costumes of the 'seventies and occasionally acting as only she can act. They will get Mr. Arnold Korff in one moving scene and the ever-youthful Rollo Peters in several ever-youthful Rollo Peters scenes. The rest of the evening they can devote to humming, if they like to hum.

It would be hard to make a less inspired play out of "The Age of Innocence." The feeling of New York in 1870 seems to have been caught successfully (or what we suppose was the feeling of New York in 1870), but whether this is a result of the writing, or of the costumes and scenery, or of the fact that the program says, "Time—The '70's," we do not know. Certainly not much else has been caught.

Miss Cornell is one of the best of our younger leading ladies, if not the best, but she must get better plays than "The Green Hat," "The Letter," and "The Age of Innocence," or we shall have to start reminiscing about her.



If we are going to find fault with Miss Cowl's new play, "The Jealous Moon," we must find fault with Miss Cowl herself, for she is co-author of it. And the chief fault we have to find with it is its subject matter. This is entirely a question of personal taste with us. *Pierrot* and *Columbine* are considerably less than our favorite characters in the theatre and, as the years roll on and they keep bobbing up in their same old routine, they are actually becoming *bêtes noires*. Of course,

all *Columbines* do not look and act as Miss Cowl does, but even the vision of her coming across a bridge in a black dress ("dress" is a pretty flat word for what Miss Cowl wears, but we are afraid to be more explicit) cannot arouse us to anything more than a personal approval of Miss Cowl. And when we tell you that the whole play is supposed to be a dream of puppets come to life, you will perhaps be less hard on us for allowing our own individual prejudices to color our feeling about "The Jealous Moon" (a title, by the way, which started us off with a bias in its favor).

No expense has been spared to make the play impressive, even to engaging Philip Merivale and Sir Guy Standing to support Miss Cowl. If they feel as uncomfortable as they look in puppet costume, they must be very glad when eleven o'clock comes and it all turns out to have been a dream.



If Alice Brady keeps on getting better and better in each succeeding play she is in, there is no telling where she will end up. In Townsend Martin's "A Most Immoral Lady" she does a beautiful piece of work, and Mr. Martin has supplied her with one scene, at the curtain to the second act, which is as theatrically effective as anything in town. The play itself is a frank combination of drawing-room comedy and good old melodrama, with a high-class badger-game as its theme, and it ought to serve Miss Brady well for the season. If it does succeed, it will be the only successful play we can think of which has begun its title with the indefinite article "a." ("A Bill of Divorcement" was a *succès d'estime*, but did not draw the crowds.) We shall now engage a special secretary to handle the letters coming in to point out enormous hits beginning with "a" which we have overlooked.

We must also compliment Mr. Hugo Felix for having written, in "Valse Langoureuse," just exactly the kind of song which, when played in a Russian cabaret in Paris, would bring two people together again.

WHEN the women's roll of honor in the Great War is finally made up in France, Miss Helen Menken should stand high in the list. In "Congai" she again gives her man *pour la patrie* and again throws heavy hysterics as the troops march by to the sound of "La Marseillaise." (In "Seventh Heaven" it was "Madelon," as we remember it, but the effect is the same.) Considerable novelty is added to the situation in "Congai," however, by having the troops Indo-Chinese and the locale a place called Saigon. If, in her next drama, Miss Menken can send a Senegalese lover to fight for France, she will have the third leg on the cup and may keep it.



BUT it is not for this that we are endeared to Miss Menken this season. It is because she plays a native girl and does not speak Pidgin-English. Messrs. Hervey and Hildreth have written her lines without one "me good girl" or "Thi-Linh very dam' sorry," and Miss Menken reads them well in gratitude. The story is a bitter one of the white man's double-dealing with his brown brothers and sisters (perhaps Indo-Chinese are not brown. Miss Menken is, as usual, extra-white), and Sam Harris has given it a sumptuous production with the imaginative Mr. Mamoulian as director. It is far from being a great play, or even a good one, but there is always something to look at and we have an idea that the local color is pretty accurate. Some one of the authors has evidently lived in Indo-China and feels rather strongly about it and we doubt that there are many in the audience who can check up on him. The sight of natives riding bicycles through the market place makes one believe that pretty nearly everything has been thought of.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 24.

FOR CERTAIN DRAMATISTS

A HEN, when honest work she tackles,
First lays her egg, before she cackles:
A playwright's on a lower peg—
He cackles first, then lays an egg.

Norman R. Jaffray.



SKIPPY'S LETTERS

by
**Percy L.
Crosby**

DEAR SOOKY:

It's two below zero up here an the lake's tighter than a drum. It's a good thing we all shut the water off cause during the night it went to fifteen below zero. I asked Grandpa how cold that was an he said, "Tweren't no time for honeysuckle."

There's a stove in my room so before I went to bed, I put in a big piece o' wood. For a long time I just lay awake lookin at the firelight suck up the shadows in the room. Only Grandma was up, gettin her last minute knittin done cause tomorrow was Christmas. Everything was so quiet that I could hear the train whistle far off an it made me wish that Pop would come then instead of the next morning. The church is only a short distance from the house, an I could hear the organ playin, "O Little Town of

Bethlehem." As soon as the people started singin, warm little shivers chased up an down my back. I got up on my knees an looked out the window—the light from the church tickled the snow with gold. I kept starin over the steeple at the mountains far, far away, waitin for Santy Claus an his reindeers to whiz across the sky.

I must have been blinkin a long time cause the music stopped. All ya could hear was the pines swishin with the wind, an moanin cause they couldn't go places. The organ started again an then a woman sang, "Silent Night, Holy Night." It was so much like my mother's voice that I almost stopped breathin—I could have swore that she was callin me, only the words was way, way off, an yet like they was bein whispered in my ear—"All is calm, all is bright—" She'd say it anyway, I know her that well, but every-

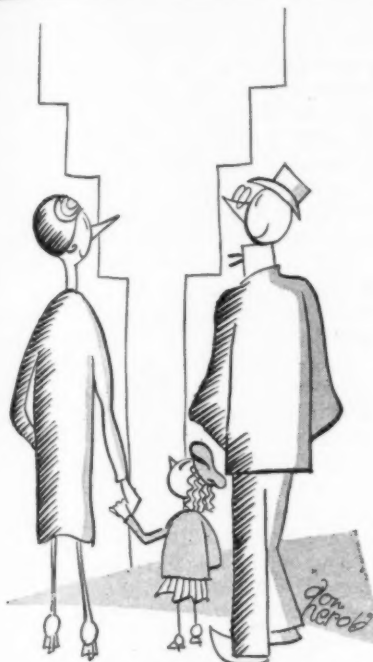
thing ain't all bright cause why am I up here an not in my own house?

Last Christmas was so different. Mom an Pop tucked me in bed an stood over me until I rattled off my prayers, they always kept the light burnin low in case robbers got the drop on me. Now nobody cares whether I keep the light up or not—kerosene lamps, the disgustful, iggily things. Who cares if I say my prayers up here? No wonder I owes an owes. Somethin must be the matter, cause all supper talk is spelled out whenever I get to listenin.

Maybe it was the organ, makin me so sadful, but while I was on my knees I thought I'd catch up on prayin—before I knew it, I dropped on the bed an blubbered like a kid—me, no less, can you imagine? I was afraid Grandma would come in any minute an catch me, right away I jabbed the corners of my eyes as fierce as I could. When I looked up, the moon was over the mountain, like a mouth laughin silver all over the sky. It even giggled up the stripes of the carpet. I got to wonderin — supposin the full moon was a coin an I bought a million dollars worth o' jelly beans, how much change would I get, an if I didn't get any, how would I know I wasn't cheated? It got me so roused up that I couldn't sleep.

I started makin change an my head got so full of noughts that I must have fell asleep cause I dreamt of haloes. It seemed I was walkin through rooms of silver an gold an they was so big there wasn't any walls, an if there wasn't no walls, how could there be a ceilin—so ya can see how big a place I was in. I got skatin around the clouds an who do ya think I ran into — the guy that was drowned last summer. I said, "Where did ya cop the chicken feathers?" I no sooner made the crack than an old man with a white nightgown an wings yells out, "Here, here, none of that talk up here!" An his voice bumbles an bumbles all over the sky. Wherever I sailed, I could hear him thunderin after me, "Tell your dog these haloes are not dog-collars." All of a sudden I went bustin through emptiness an I must have punctured through a cloud cause I could feel the rain in my face. It woke me up an there was my dog lickin me on the nose. I let him come under the covers only he tunnels down to my toes an starts sippin away at them. He's only a pup an too young to get learned better. Anyway he knew it was Christmas morning an I ought to be up an doin. The next minute I was down the banisters an divin into all my toys.

Pop came stampin in just when the



"She wants to eat at the Automat."
 "Well, what's the use of living in New York unless we give our child all its cultural advantages?"

turkey was took out of the oven, an even before he got his things off, it was all Grandma could do to keep him from pickin off the crust. I said, "Here! Here! None of that," an Grandma turned an slapped my hand off the plum puddin.

After dinner me an Pop played with toys all by ourselves, an while we was cuttin up I turned on the radio, but Pop stopped me. He took me in his lap an said, "Son, this is one day when we can leave all that behind. Last night I passed Union Square an I'll never forget the sound of a radio horn blaring across the park, spitting a Chopin waltz for blocks." He kept pokin his thumb nail between the cracks of his teeth an looked out the window, all the time smoothin out my knees. Then he says, "But I suppose we've got to have American progress." With that he dumps me on the floor an starts thumbin up the old organ like he was lost an was tryin to crowd back into yesterday again.

I got the elegant Christmas card from you an Carol this morning. I could see you went fifty-fifty on it cause I took it right up to Jim's to get it priced, an he said it was worth every bit of two cents.

Affectionately sincere,

Skippy

Peevish Ballade

I READ the headlines every day.
 No captious criticism mine
 Upon the startling things they say—
 No matter if TEN BISHOPS DINE,
 Or HOTSY TOTSY BATHES IN WINE,
 Or BANDITS SHOOT UP NEIGHBORHOOD,
 Unless I see the horrid line:
 ANOTHER HOME TOWN BOY
 MAKES GOOD.

From WEALTHY HEIR IN LOVE
 NEST FRAY,
 ENRAGED WIFE FRUSTRATES
 SHEIK'S DESIGN,
 I do not shrink in sad dismay.
 Nor JUDGE DECRIES OUR
 YOUTH'S DECLINE

Annoys, although sharp pains combine
 To rack me as no others could
 Whenever journalists opine:
 ANOTHER HOME TOWN BOY
 MAKES GOOD.

Although I almost never slay,
 Nor risk imprisonment or fine,

Nor raise a brow when tabloids bray:
 YOUNG MAN KILLS FOUR:
 DRINKS TURPENTINE,
 And SCREEN STAR MARRIES
 NUMBER NINE.
 But gory thoughts are scarce withstood
 When with these words they intertwine:
 ANOTHER HOME TOWN BOY
 MAKES GOOD.

L'ENVOI

O Prince, a suppliant at your shrine
 Now URGES BOND OF BROTHERHOOD.
 Pray, won't you to the fire consign
 ANOTHER HOME TOWN BOY
 MAKES GOOD?

Paul Fatout.
 (A Home-Town Boy.)

CAPACITY

GIANT: Why in the world is the Fat Lady so popular these days?

DWARF: Everyone is trying to borrow her stockings for Christmas Eve.

THE WORLD over—Nothing succeeds like Sex!



"Is she singing in English?"
 "I don't know. Look at your program."



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

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Let us all hope that Europe will have a happier and more peaceful Christmas, thanks to

the various statements that Mr. Coolidge has found it necessary to emit, from time to time, "for the benefit of the timid and the suspicious." Timidity and suspicion, on both sides of the Atlantic, have been great troublers of international relations; but a still greater mischief maker has been the cloudy idealism of a large part of the American people. That idealism would be a powerful support for international peace if it were not for our national habit of regarding a thing as done when it has been said. As it is, American idealism is actually an element of international danger, because it promotes in this and in other nations a sense of false security.

So, while Mr. Coolidge's endeavors to allay timidity and suspicion do not always seem precisely tactful, the mood of as-tringent realism which characterized much of his Armistice Day speech and parts of his message to Congress may have a good effect in promoting more realistic thinking about matters which can be settled only by cold thinking, not by gusts of warm emotion. It would seem clear, for instance, that Mr. Coolidge regards the Kellogg treaty as an expression of pious intention, which may do some good; but as nothing more. And both Europe and America will be better off if we all recognize that this is precisely what it is.

Most of what Mr. Coolidge has lately said about national defense and international peace movements is true enough; and if a number of these truths seem reciprocally contradictory, why, an age which has been taught by Dr. Einstein

that straight lines run round in a circle and come back to their starting point can afford contradictions that were beyond the means of our less enlightened and less prosperous ancestors. It is true, for example, that if we are going to have a navy at all, we might as well have one that is likely to be of some use in case we need it. And it is also true that the kind of cruisers we need for that purpose happen to be big enough to sink the kind of cruisers that Great Britain needs, for other purposes of her own.



WHAT is the answer to that contradiction? Let us hope that the statesmen can find it (it is pretty clear that the Admirals cannot); but in the meantime it may be remarked that an answer cannot be found by merely negative measures. It would be a misfortune if England and America should seem to be building fleets against each other; but good relations cannot be maintained merely by refraining from naval construction, nor yet by reiteration of the familiar argument that an Anglo-American war is unthinkable.

Such a war can be thought about; in this relatively pacific interlude, it ought to be thought about, in order to make sure that it shall never happen. For an Anglo-American war would be the most disastrous war imaginable; disastrous for the whole world and ruinous for both the nations involved, whichever might happen to win it. And furthermore there is no reason for it. Commercial competition has occasionally brought British and American interests into sharp local antagonism of late years; as at Constantinople just after the war, and more recently

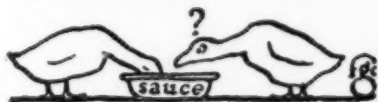
in China. Those conflicts are part of the whole problem raised by international competition for foreign trade—a problem which many earnest men have tried to solve, but to which it does not appear that either Karl Marx or Herbert Hoover has found a satisfactory or final answer. But so far as political interests go, British policy and American policy seek, or ought to seek, the same objectives. Both nations are pretty well satisfied with the present international situation, and have a common interest in opposing any efforts to make serious changes in it. Accordingly the principal concern of politically minded persons in both England and America should be, not worry about a few cruisers more or less in one navy or the other, but an insistence that the local conflicts that are bound to come up from time to time should be settled without disturbing the general harmony of two powers that are bound together, not so much nowadays by common blood as by the more powerful tie of a common interest.



SUCH an endeavor was lately made by Lord Cecil, when he proposed that a long-standing source of controversy between America and England should be settled by England's acceding to the traditional American position, and admitting the right of neutrals to trade through a blockade in war time. One may praise the intention without hoping for much effect. In the Napoleonic wars, when the issue first came up, America, being neutral, was for the rights of neutrals, and England was for strict blockade. In the Civil War it was the other way around: England stood for the right of neutrals to do business and America held that a blockade was a blockade. From 1914 to 1917 our State Department was constantly arguing with the British Foreign Office in defense of neutral rights; but as soon as we got into the war we went over to the British standpoint, and replied to Dutch and Scandinavian protests as the British had replied to ours. Surely this is proof enough that great powers engaged in war are going to do whatever suits their convenience at the moment, no matter what academic opinions they have expressed in time of peace.

WHICH throws some light on the value of the Kellogg treaty. Mr. Coolidge properly describes it as a rallying point for public opinion, "to prevent governments from being forced into hostile action by

the temporary outbreak of international animosities." So far so good. But if some government chooses to go to war, treaty or no treaty, the others are immediately released from their promise. Some of these nations are obliged, by other treaties, to take concerted action against any state which starts a war. And if they coerce the aggressor, what is the United States going to do? Shall we join them, or keep our hands off; or insist on our right to go on trading with the nation which the others regard as the aggressor, in defiance of an international blockade?



WELL, our government has said, as clearly as it could, that we shall do whatever we feel like doing when the time comes. If Europe understands that, well and good; but that takes a good deal of the value out of the Kellogg treaty. Europe, if its treaties are worth anything, is organized on the basis of guaranteed peace—guaranteed by force if necessary. America has rejected that policy. But since we not only refuse to join in a guaranty of peace, but refuse to promise that we shall not fight the guarantors, it is hard to see that we can give ourselves much credit for promising to keep out of a war unless somebody starts one.

The Kellogg treaty ought to be approved by the Senate, because so much emotion has been generated in its discussion that the opinion of the world would be gravely shocked if it were rejected. But by all means let it be understood, both abroad and at home, that it commits us to nothing but good intentions; that it is the kind of treaty which, in our own opinion, does not do away with our need for fifteen new cruisers.

Elmer Davis.

—Life Lines—

"GIVE me Liberty," said Patrick Henry, "or my nickel back!"

"The marriage took place on Wednesday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Mary Day, Perbeck Hill, Galt, of her eldest daughter, Anne Marie, to George H. Bateman of Toronto. Rev. B. W. Lee officiated. The bride was given in marriage by her brother, Col. W. Day. Miss Daisy Day was the dog, and the latter is being kept under observation by the health authorities."

—Toronto Globe.

DAISY, we take it, was the unfortunate one upon whom the act was tried out.

It must have been an awful blow to Arthur Brisbane when President



WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS TO GET BACK FROM SOUTH AMERICA

Coolidge came out strong for a big Navy and ignored airplanes.

"Wanted—\$6,500 to pay balance campaign expenses Anti-Smith Democratic Committee. Make check payable Treasurer Anti-Smith Democrats, Box 674, Richmond, Va.—Adv."

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Now is the time for all bootleggers to come to the aid of their party.

THE POLITICIANS would give the people what they wanted if the people knew what they wanted and the politicians were able to give it to them.

"GIRL, smart, part time, anything."
—Ad in New York World.

Reasonable?

REUBEN's Delicatessen boasts that it rose "from a sandwich to a national institution." Just like Lindbergh!

REVISED popular song: "There's no homelike place."

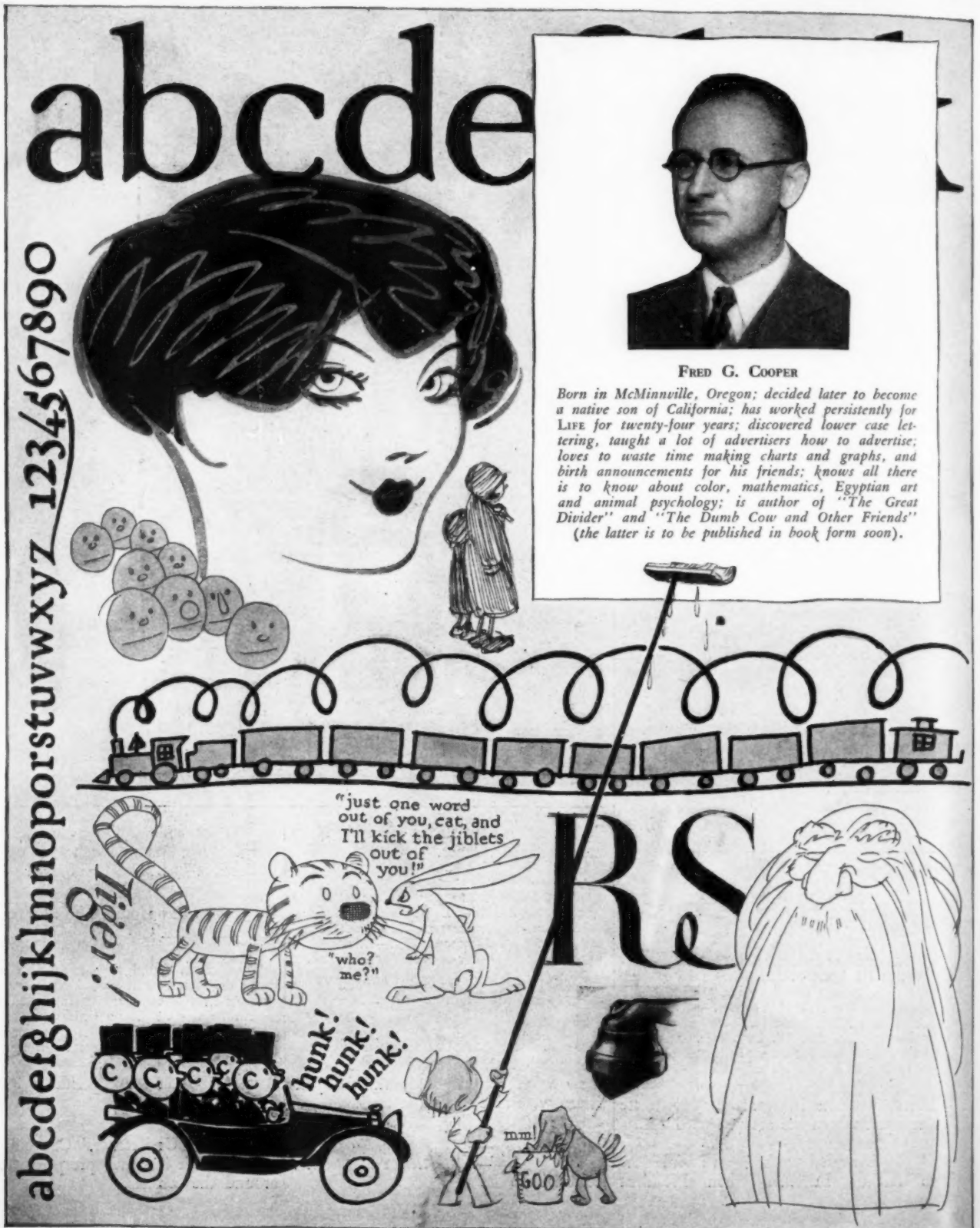
"The co-eds found they could live on the wages the Chicago girl gets. They bought their own meals, provided car fare and paid for their rooms. Buying clothes on their pay, they said, was out of the question. The girls were unanimous in calling the experiment interesting."

—Associated Press.

BUT just when the experiment becomes interesting, they stop.

THE Undertakers' Convention in 1929 will decide that prosperity is just around the coroner.

TWO PAGES from the SKETCH



CH BOOK of FRED G. COOPER

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzandwhatofit??





"Couldn't you change your portrait of me just a weentie bit? You can see for yourself that since last year I've reduced at least three or four pounds."

This Telephone Is Strictly for Business

"HEL-LO. Tidkins speaking."

"Hello; is that you, Jack, dear?"

"Why, yes, yes, of course. Mighty fine of you to call me up, old man. How long are you going to be in town?"

"But *Jack*, dear, this is Tillie!"

"You *don't* say! Well, now, that's certainly fine! Business is certainly booming with us, too."

"Say, Jack, are you *crazy*? This is Tillie, I said."

"Yes, I think perhaps that can be arranged. Awfully glad you gave me a ring, old chap. Yes—we might discuss that proposition over the luncheon table."

"Jack, I'm going to hang up this minute!"

"Certainly, certainly, to be sure—hey, baby, hold the wire! The boss just left the office."

James L. Dilley.

PARAGRAPHERS, take heart. Henry Ford made a billion out of a joke.



SPECIAL DELIVERY

THE RADIO



Senescence

A SEVEN-YEARS' curse on these radio historical programs. Bad luck to all reminiscences—musical or otherwise. I hate them; they make me feel my age. Worse than that, they make me admit it.

For instance, the announcer chirps, "Let us turn back the pages of the years to the dedication exercises of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis—"

Have I sense enough to pretend I never heard of the St. Louis World's Fair? No, must take to boasting. "I was there. I remember as though it were yesterday what a terribly cold day it was!"

"Few people are now alive," blurbs the announcer, "who remember the impressive ceremonies inaugurating the St. Louis World's Fair—"

I begin to see that I should have kept my mouth shut.

"The President arrives in a barouche drawn by two dashing dinosaurs."

I deny that I ever lived in St. Louis. My mistake; I was thinking of Chicago.

And that's the way it goes in the most infant of infant industries. There you sit, feeling as young and gay as a child, and the orchestra begins to play selections from



MOVIE DIRECTOR: So you want to get in the movies, eh?

APPLICANT: Yes, sir.

MOVIE DIRECTOR: Say "Ah."

"Oh, Boy!" Now I remember all the words to all the songs in "Oh, Boy!" I saw the piece three times and I wasn't wheeled to the theater in a baby carriage.

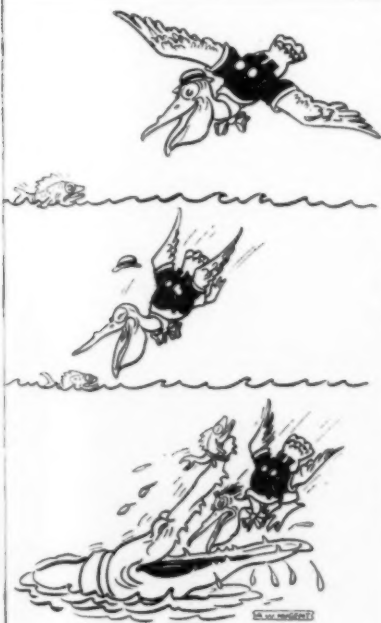
But can the announcer let well enough alone? He cannot now. He must spoil all the fun by saying, "You have just heard selections from 'Oh, Boy!' one of the earliest musical comedies. Perhaps some of you old-timers listening in will remember some of the melodies."

Then there is "The Merry Widow." The announcer must go into historical details about *that*. "Most of you folks think that 'The Merry Widow' was a motion picture. But originally it was a comic opera and an early copy of the score was dug up in the ruins of Herculaneum. The melodies are splendid examples of the folk tunes of primitive man. Next you will hear a selection from 'The Arcadians,' which historians place as having been written some time before Caesar's invasion of England."

By that time, I have drawn a shawl over my shoulders and I am inventing a little spiel to tell reporters when they come to ask me the secret of my longevity.

"AND did your wife accept you the first time you proposed?"

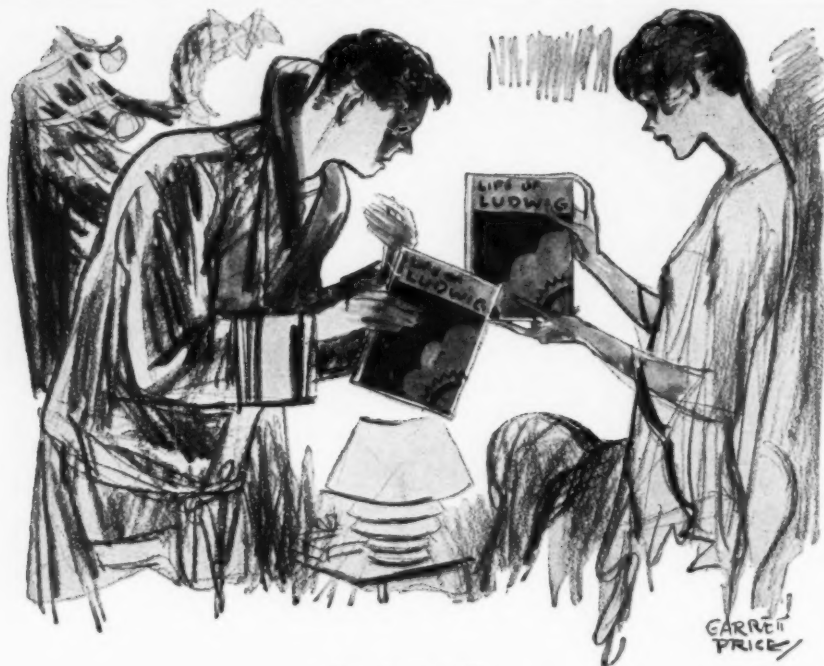
"No. She wasn't there."



THE BAIT



"Buy a Christmas gift, lady? Something for a poor relation?"



THE SAME TO YOU

In Perpetuity

*Hereafter LIFE's Fresh Air Endowments
Will Be \$500*

THESE are the days when a warm Holiday glow envelops our hearts. It is the perfect moment in which to speak of LIFE's Fresh Air Camps for Needy Boys and Girls.

You know about the Camps—how these splendid places in the country give health and courage and happiness to thousands of tenement children who, but for your greatheartedness, would never see beyond the dark alleys of the slums.

LIFE, through its readers, has been carrying on this noble work for forty-two years. The outpouring of contributions has been absolutely thrilling. Ten-cent pieces—thousand-dollar checks! We have welcomed every penny. But nearest to our hearts, perhaps because of their exquisite meaning, have been the

Fresh Air Endowments.

In 1918 one of our friends first thought of giving the Fresh Air Fund an endowment as a memorial to the little daughter whom he had lost. He wanted something, he said, that would last forever and a day. Something that, though he gave but once, would blossom year after year. He sent us Two Hundred Dollars. And so started LIFE's Fresh Air Endowments.

We were engaged in the Great War at the time, but despite that, the main-

tenance of these refuges for needy children was much less than one would imagine. Two Hundred Dollars provided an annual interest of \$8.50, which was sufficient at first to cover the expense of a two-weeks' holiday for one child. Later, this amount still accomplished its aim with occasional financial lifts (Please turn to page 29)

Our Own Puzzle Department

KNOCK THE L OUT

No. 1. Knock the L out of what kicked you and get where you spent the next few days.

No. 2. Knock the L out of what you caught and get what the fisherman caught.

No. 3. Knock the L out of what Cain got on his forehead and get what he got it for.

No. 4. Knock the L out of a maid and get what a fellow makes of himself for her.

No. 5. Knock the L out of what the soloist will do on the banjo and get the way it sounds.

No. 6. Knock the L out of what the author wrote and get what he received.

No. 7. Knock the L out of what the Mississippi caused and get what Hoover furnished.

No. 8. Knock the L out of what you dug and get what you dug it with.

No. 9. Knock the L out of what you raised in your garden and get what it made you do.

No. 10. Knock the L out of a sharp blow and get what received it.

No. 11. Knock the L out of a bum prize-fighter and get what he hopes to become.

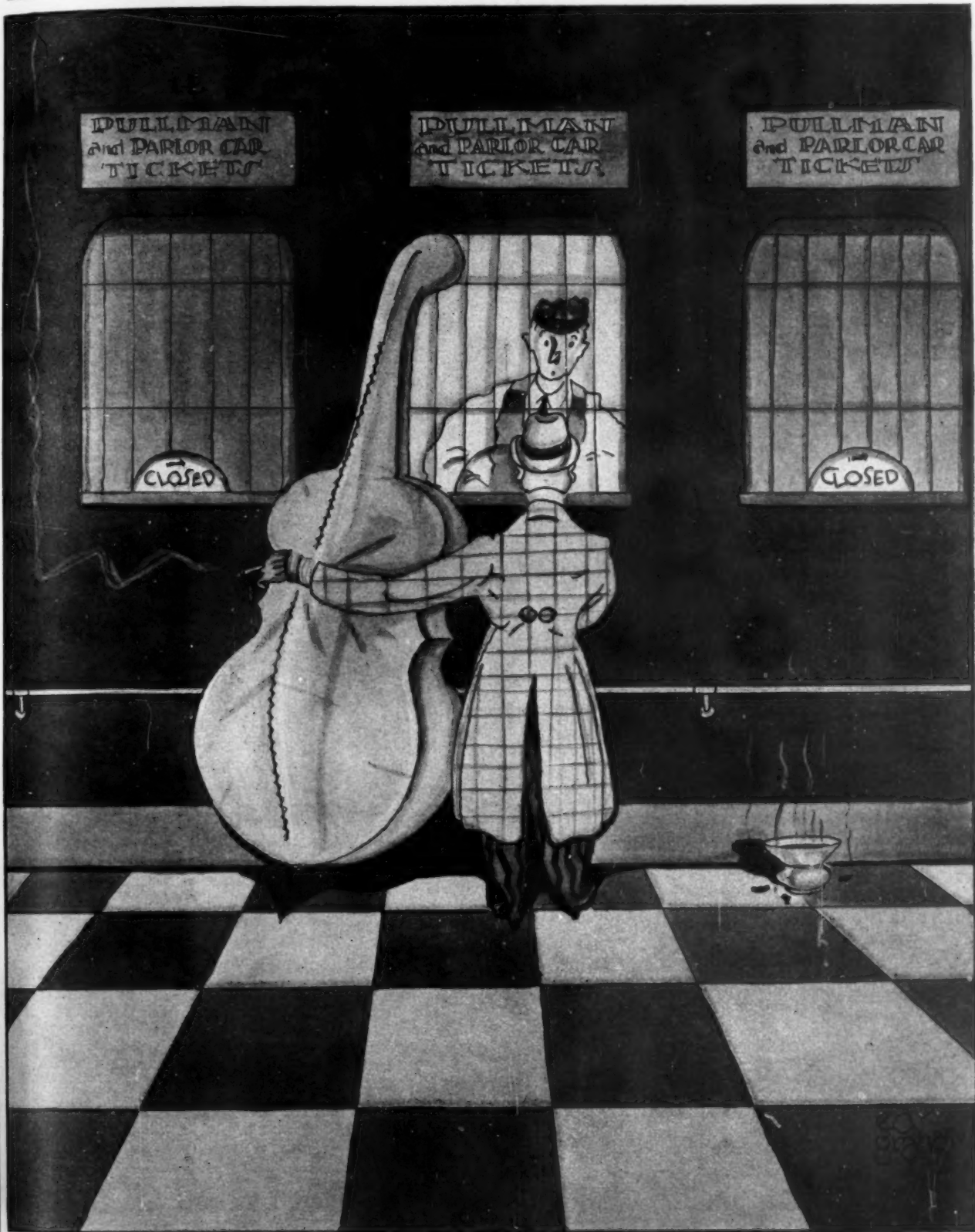
No. 12. Knock the L out of what you study for and get what it will help you to do.

Blaine C. Bigler.

(Answers will be found on page 29)



"Yes, I know Santa Claus is bringing me a present—it's in the bag."



"Two uppers, please."

THE MOVIES



The King of Spain

by
R. E.
Sherwood

KING ALFONSO has now become, officially, this department's favorite screen star, occupying a post previously held by such celebrities as Blanche Sweet, Jackie Coogan and Greta Garbo. Having seen and heard His Majesty on the Movietone, I may say that his is the most thoroughly engaging personality that has ever been revealed on the screen. He combines the zestful enthusiasm of Douglas Fairbanks, the suavity of Adolphe Menjou and the humble humor of Charlie Chaplin.

The King of Spain is introduced by our Mr. Hammond (the United States Ambassador), who delivers a routine speech about international good-will, while Alfonso shifts from one foot to the other, grins in a disarmingly friendly manner at the audience, and glares at

Mr. Hammond. If I were reviewing the performance of any actor less august than the King of Spain, I should accuse him of deliberately "mugging for laughs."

Then Alfonso speaks, and luckily forgets most of the things he has been advised to say. He observes, in effect, "The whole world is striving for universal peace—but (wink) you know what the chances are of that! The disarmament conferences that have been held lately are highly significant—but (another wink) you Americans are sportsmen enough to realize that we can't always get what we want. But, anyway, I hope you'll all come over and visit Spain—we have good roads, now!"

IF LIFE should decide to conduct another Anti-Bunk campaign in 1932, and if Will Rogers can't be reached by telephone at the time, I hereby place in nomination Alfonso XIII, King of Spain. He's as bunkless as Will Rogers himself, and is just about as adept in the art of putting over a gag.

"The Wind"

IN the very nature of its story, "The Wind" is bound to be both depressing and monotonous—and the more effectively it is done, the more unbearable it be-

comes. So it can hardly be recommended as a jolly evening's entertainment for the entire family.

"The Wind" is recommended, however, as a demonstration of truly extraordinary acting by the superlative Miss Lillian Gish. I know I have said before that "Miss Gish is at the height of her powers in this picture," but I am compelled to say it again. She seems to me to be more definite, more actual, in "The Wind" than she has ever been before.... Perhaps I just forget, between pictures, how fine Lillian Gish really is.

Victor Seastrom directed "The Wind" with his usual vigorous simplicity, and a "sound" accompaniment has been added which proves to be inoffensive except when one of the characters is caused to burst into song, the movement of his lips not agreeing at any point with the noises that come forth from the loud-speaker.

Lars Hansen adds an excellent performance to Miss Gish's.

"On Trial"

THE WARNERS have done a splendid job in converting Elmer Rice's original courtroom melodrama, "On Trial," into a talkie. It is well directed (by Archie Mayo), especially well acted by a more than competent cast, and the dialogue is comparatively free from the elements of ham that have been evident in other Vitaphone dramas. Best of all, the pace of the dialogue is much livelier, and none of the characters goes to sleep while waiting for his cue.

Incidentally, in reviewing one of the first talking pictures, I expressed the hope that the Warner Brothers, as pioneers in the new field, would get their reward this side of heaven. A glance at the present condition of their stock assures me that my wish has been granted.

"Whoopee"

ALTHOUGH "Whoopee" is *not* a moving picture, I venture to mention it on this page because Mr. Benchley was in Hollywood making talkies at the time of its opening, and I can see no reason why our loyal readers should have to wait for him to announce that "Whoopee" is one of Mr. Ziegfeld's grandest shows, in which several undraped young ladies appear riding on glorified Shetland ponies, and in which that comical fellow, Eddie Cantor, sings a song containing the line,

"It's not the chorus girl's voice
That gets her big Rolls-Royce—
It's making whoopee!"

A Confidential Guide to current movies
will be found on page 24.



"She loves me—she loves me not."

A Glossary of the World Peace Situation

Purely Defensive Measures: What our Army and Navy are organized for.

Aggrandizement: Why the other fellow is building more tanks and cruisers.

Offensive War: A misnomer. Nobody ever fights offensive wars.

Nationalism: Europeans' unthinking chauvinism. Placing the welfare of one's nation above the welfare of humanity.

Patriotism: Self-sacrifice and loyalty to the greatest nation on earth.

Mistrust: What foreigners regard us with.

Practical Regard for Human Nature: How we regard foreigners.

Barbarism: Unscrupulous use of chemical weapons by enemy nations in future wars.

Humanitarian Methods: Scientific poison gas which will kill quickly and painlessly.

Entangling Alliances: Utopian arbitration dreams which are sure to embroil us in future conflicts.

Secret Agreements: Sound practical precautions against finding one's self arrayed against powerful combines.

Civilized Warfare: Rules to prevent the next war from killing too many people.

The Great War (1914-18): The War to End War.

Parke Cummings.

Racketeers

LISTEN, pretty little sister,
If you tantalize and tease me
So, a growing doubt of Mister
Cupid's honesty will seize me.

You have made a lot of jack at
Every scheme designed to trim me,
And you play a cozy racket
With your "Gimme, gimme, gimme!"

Ah! That's right! Go skip a beat, heart!
Ting-a-ling! Your knell of sorrow:
"Hello, Phyllis! Yes—yes—sweetheart!
Tea?—O. K.—At five tomorrow!"

Wilfred J. Funk.

YES, THERE IS, TOO!

"MOM, the little boy next door says there's no such thing as a thousand-dollar bill!"

"There, there, run along, and don't play with those Democrat children any more!"

HE: These sound pictures are really wonderful. Just think, we'll be able to hear Rin-Tin-Tin bark.

SHE: How adorable! And I'm just crazy to hear Felix the Cat purr.

FLOWERS

reflect the true spirit

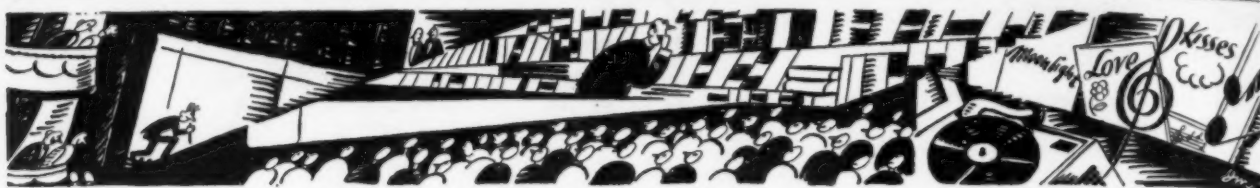
of CHRISTMAS

Bright blossoms and fresh growing plants how perfectly they symbolize this sparkling season! This year give flowers, the gift that truly says "A Merry Christmas to You."



Be among those who Say it with Flowers this Christmas





CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

The Theatre

More or Less Serious

The Age of Innocence, Empire—Reviewed in this issue.

Congai, Sam H. Harris—Reviewed in this issue.

Diamond Lil, Royale—Miss Mae West as a lady saloon-keeper of the 'nineties. The regular stuff, plus Miss West's self-confidence.

Exceeding Small, Comedy—Two young people in a very tough run of luck. Depressing but well done.

The Grey Fox, Playhouse—Costume play depicting several episodes in the career of *Machiavelli*, especially his revenge on *Caterina Sforza*. Henry Hull and Chrystal Herne head the cast.

Jarnegan, Longacre—Richard Bennett telling people in loud tones what he (or the author) thinks of Hollywood.

Jealousy, Maxine Elliott—Fay Bainter and John Halliday carrying an entire play by themselves and very well, too. The title explains the plot.

The Kingdom of God, Elhel Barrymore—Miss Barrymore in the first offering of her season in her new theatre. To be reviewed later.

The Lady Lies, Little—A man's children find out about his mistress. William Boyd as the man. To be reviewed next week.

Mr. Moneybags, Cosmopolitan—Channing Pollock going to a great deal of pains and expense to show that money isn't everything.

Night Hostess, Vanderbilt—One of the more effective plays about night-club life.

The Squealer, Forrest—We understand that "Peaches" Browning is to be introduced into this drama. That is all it needs.

Strange Interlude, John Golden—Eugene O'Neill in five hours of clean misery.

Sun Up, Lucille La Verne—A revival of one of the earliest and best of the plays about mountain whites.

Tin Pan Alley, Republic—One of the less effective dramas of night-club life.

The Wild Duck, Forty-Ninth St.—An excellent revival of one of the world's best plays.

Wings Over Europe, Martin Beck—The Theatre Guild's third production. To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

Courage, Rits—Janet Beecher showing what a tough job it is to bring up a lot of stage children.

Falstaff, Coburn—To be reviewed later.

The Front Page, Times Square—Entertainment running wild.

Gentlemen of the Press, Forty-Eighth St.—Real newspaper stuff; especially for newspaper-folk but good for anyone.

The High Road, Fulton—An excellent cast, including Edna Best, Herbert Marshall and Frederic Kerr, showing what can be done with British comedy.

Holiday, Plymouth—Easily the most amusing dialogue in town. To be reviewed in full later, with special attention to Donald Ogden Stewart.

The Jealous Moon, Majestic—Reviewed in this issue.

Little Accident, Morosco—Highly entertaining adventures of an unmarried father with a baby on his hands.

Major Barbara, Guild—A good revival of Shaw's attack on poverty.

Mima, Belasco—With Lenore Ulric. To be reviewed later.

A Most Immoral Lady, Cort—Reviewed in this issue.

On Call Girl, Waldorf—Not good.

Paris, Music Box—Irene Bordoni, with Cole Porter tunes and the "Commanders" making an evening of it.

The Perfect Alibi, Charles Hopkins—Milne's murder mystery. To be reviewed next week.

A Play Without a Name, Booth—With Peggy Wood and Kenneth MacKenna. To be reviewed next week.

Potiphar's Wife, Craig—To be reviewed later.

The Royal Box, Belmont—Walker Whiteside in a comedy of the old days when actors were actors. A revival of Charles Coghlan's old play.

Skidding, Bayes—This has been running longer than any show in town and yet you never know anybody who has seen it.

This Thing Called Love, Bijou—Violet Heming as a lady who has her own ideas about marriage, some of them pretty good.

Tonight at 12, Hudson—Cleverly contrived mystery of the lighter sort.

Young Love, Masque—Pleasant sex talk among four people: Dorothy Gish, James Rennie, Catherine Willard and Tom Douglas.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana, Liberty—A revised edition of the one which opened a few months ago. Julius Tannen is now in it. To be reviewed later.

Angela, Ambassador—To be reviewed later.

Animal Crackers, Forty-Fourth St.—The Marx Brothers in approximately a million laughs.

Billie, Erlanger's—One of those fast-moving Cohan shows, with Miss Polly Walker as star.

Blackbirds of 1928, Elling—These colored singers and dancers are putting on one of the best shows in town.

Good Boy, Hammerstein's—Very satisfactory. Elliott Nugent, Charles Butterworth, Helen Kane and others.

Good News, Forty-Sixth St.—Only a few more weeks of this, if you haven't already seen it.

Hello Yourself! Casino—Waring's "Pennsylvanians" are practically the entire show, but they are good.

Hold Everything! Broadhurst—One of the best. Ona Munson, Victor Moore, Bert Lahr and Jack Whiting.

Midnight Frolic, New Amsterdam—With Eddie Cantor. To be reviewed later.

The New Moon, Imperial—Nice music and a tasteful production. Evelyn Herbert, Gus Shy and Robert Halliday.

Rainbow, Gallo—A real story, with Youmans' music, Louise Brown, Allan Prior, Charles Ruggles and Libby Holman.

Rain or Shine, Cohan—Joe Cook and his show will be moving on soon; so you had better hurry.

Scandals of 1928, Apollo—What is known as a "galaxy" of stars, including Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

Show Boat, Ziegfeld—Practically top in musical shows. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, Edna May Oliver and Norma Terris.

This Year of Grace, Selwyn—Beatrice Lillie in a swell revue by Noel Coward, who also acts in it.

Three Cheers, Globe—The show which Will Rogers carries.

Treasure Girl, Alvin—Gertrude Lawrence, with Walter Catlett, Mary Hay and Clifton Webb, in a show which ought to be better than it is. Gershwin music.

Vanities of 1928, Earl Carroll—Very funny in spots, thanks to W. C. Fields, Joe Frisco and Ray Dooley, but also very dirty in spots.

White Lilacs, Jolson's—One of those comic operas made out of the life of a famous composer, Chopin this time. No harm done. Guy Robertson, Odette Myrtil and DeWolf Hopper.

Whoopes, New Amsterdam—The Eddie Cantor show. Reviewed on page 22.

Repertory and Laboratory

Civic Repertory, Fourteenth St.—Eva Le Gallienne duplicating her success of last season in moderate-priced drama. Repertory includes: "Peter Pan," "The Cherry Orchard," "The Would-be Gentleman," "L'Invitation au Voyage."

The Dark Mirror, Cherry Lane—Typical little-theatre depressing.

Singing Jailbirds, Provincetown—By Upton Sinclair. To be reviewed later.

Robert Benchley.

The Movies

Recent Developments

Marching On, Fox—A stirring and touching two-reel Movietone comedy, with Chic Sale as a Civil War veteran who tells what he thinks of Lincoln.

Interference, Paramount—Mr. Zukor's and Mr. Lasky's first all-talker—well acted and very classy, but not especially thrilling.

Napoleon's Barber, Fox—A dramatic playlet, on the Movietone, which tells how the Man of Destiny paused to be shaved by a revolutionist who had vowed that he'd cut the Emperor's throat.

Dry Martini, Fox—This Parisian farce is just an old-fashioned silent film, and not a very good one, at that.

Show People, Metro-Goldwyn—Marion Davies and William Haines tone for their past sins in a generally hilarious satire on Hollywood. There is one jarring note in it (i. e., a theme song).

The Home Towners, Warner Bros.—Some real professional acting in a talking comedy that doesn't move fast enough.

His Private Life, Paramount—Wanted: A new routine for Adolphe Menjou.

Our Dancing Daughters, Metro-Goldwyn—The dear old younger generation is still skating on thin ice and exposing itself to the elements.

Four Devils, Fox—Some superlative scenes of circus life in France, set in a dull and trite story.

The Battle of the Sexes, United Artists—If you want to see an expert portrayal of the gold-digger at work, catch Phyllis Haver in this.

Lilac Time, First National—Colleen Moore has written me a jubilant letter, saying, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! You were all wrong, thank heaven. 'Lilac Time' has been by far my most successful picture from a box-office angle and (don't gnash your teeth now) is making more money than any picture I have ever made." Another gnash for this department!

The Singing Fool, Warner Bros.—The End of St. Petersburg, Hammerstein, and The Patriot, Paramount—These are the best now available.

On Trial, Warner Bros.—The King of Spain, Fox, and The Wind, Metro-Goldwyn—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island, by H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran—In which Prof. Wells explains that we are not quite so civilized as we think we are. Further warnings on page 30 of this issue.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield, by Robert Benchley. Pictures by Gluyas Williams. Holt—Well, it worked, and we did get our free copy at last. Of course, we had read most of these hysterical moments in history in LIFE, the D.A.C. News, and LIFE, but it is nice to have them all in one place. And now, as a reward for having written such a funny book, we will furnish Mr. Benchley with a phrase for the advertising:

"A hilarious tonsil-tickler!"—Perry Githens, in LIFE.

The Murders in Surrey Wood, by John Ardov. Dutton—A country doctor helps Scotland Yard uncover a gang of bank robbers. See page 31.

Way for a Sailor, by Albert Richard Wetjen. Century—A rough-and-ready novel which is really a modern "Two Years Before the Mast." Recommended for adults.

Orlando, by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace—And here's the greatest book of the year going unappreciated because we don't know what it's all about. And so are you.

Giant Killer, by Elmer Davis. John Day—A splendid novel of Joab, who did the work, and David, who got the credit—and the throne of Israel. On your must list.

The Art of Thinking, by Ernest Dimmitt. Simon & Schuster—Profound and witty. Should be in every brief-case.

Perry Githens.

Song and Dance

Sheet Music

I Want a "Yes" Girl. Feist—Hollywood's yes-man influence inspired this novelty ditty.

My Life Is in Your Hands. Remick—The authors dedicate this philosophical ballad to Eddie Cantor, whose *Sateepost* autobiography bore this title. The lyrics of "King for a Day" and "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" follow a similar style of construction in their latest story ballad.

Where Is the Song of Songs for Me? Berlin—A fetching Irving Berlin film thematic, synchronized with "The Love Song."

A Love Tale of Alsace-Lorraine. Spier-Coslow—Another of the "Memories of France" ballads, and equally appealing. Charming sentimental concoction.

Sunny Skies. Marks—Fair sample of British song-writing; one of those innocuous melody fox-trot numbers à la our own "Blue Skies."

Judy. DeSylva-Brown-Henderson—Pierre Norman is the nom de plume of the Rev. Pierre Connors, probably the only ecclesiastic song-writer in all Tin Pan Alley. The Rev. Connors has used his own name on other songs but preferred a pseudonym in this case, possibly because "Judy" is the theme of a crook flicker, "Romance of the Underworld," although it's a simple enough little number and the author has fashioned even more virile stuff in the past. Incidentally, the Rev. Connors came to attention some years ago with his allegation that "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses" had been plagiarized from him.

Records

Sonny Boy and Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time. Victor 25945—The Victor Salon Group's 12-inch concert versions of these exceedingly popular theme songs are notable for rhythmic nuances, change of pace and tempo, odd instrumentations and vivid splashes of orchestra color.

Ho-Ho-Hogan and Pat's Night Out. Columbia 1594—Vaughn de Leath and Frank Harris make Hibernian whoopee with novelty vocal duets.

Cross Roads and I Still Keep Dreaming of You. Victor 21753—Two snappy fox-trots by Nat Shilkret and the Victor Orchestra introduce the theme song of the M.-G.-M. feature, "Show People," backed by the "dreaming" number, an equally impressive rendition. Shilkret is ever orchestral treatment, and he clicks once again with this couplet.

Add a Little Wiggle and Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time. Okeh 41134—Ed Lange, probably the foremost exponent of ultra-modern syncopated guitar virtuosity, presents excellent examples of "hot" and "sweet" guitar strumming. As an instrumental oddity, this disk is quite interesting and withal is entertaining.

A Little Love, a Little Kiss and Jealousie. Brunswick 4071—Fredric Fradkin and his Fiddlers with light instrumental concert novelties deliver handily. "Un Peud' A'mour," the Parisian music-hall sentimentality which became internationally popular as "A Little Love, a Little Kiss," is coupled with an equally appealing Spanish oddity, "Jealousie."

I Need Sympathy and I'm Writing You This Little Melody. Brunswick 4070—Jesse Stafford's dansapators are the crack West Coast organization formerly known as Herb Wiedoeft's Orchestra. The untimely death of that eminent jazz maestro finds the ensemble under the baton of a new bandmaster, and still clicking with dance-inspiring fox-trotology.

Abel Green.

NOT IN THIS CLUB

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Sir:

My attention has been invited to the enclosed letter printed in your November 9th issue of LIFE and signed by one "John C. Williams, University Club, Harrisburg, Pa."

There is no member of the University Club of Harrisburg bearing the name John C. Williams. We have not had a member by that name. Our city directory does not contain such a name. We believe no member of our Club is using such a name in writing you, as letters addressed to the said "John C. Williams" in care of our Club from various sections of the country and apparently in answer to his letter have not been claimed.

Apparently some misguided individual has secured some of our stationery and is using it much to our discredit. This is the second time such a thing has happened.

Believe me when I tell you that the sentiments expressed in the Williams letter are not the sentiments of the members of our Club and we very much regret its publication, and would appreciate it very much if you would disregard such letters in the future.

Kindly publish this in defense of our organization.

MARK T. MILNOR

President, University Club of Harrisburg.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The letter referred to by Mr. Milnor was a particularly violent protest against certain political opinions expressed by Elmer Davis. We are glad to print Mr. Milnor's letter, absolving the University Club of Harrisburg of all responsibility for the ravings of the courageously patriotic but cautiously anonymous "John C. Williams.")



Give your NEW YEAR'S toasts the "pre-war taste"

LOTS of good things in view for 1929—Prosperity—Peace—and a silver lining to Prohibition: namely, that marvelous mixer, Silver King Fizz. It takes your supply of ??? and smooths out its rawness, rounds out its edges, ages it, mellows it!

Are you in on this secret? Thousands have tried it! Carloads have been sold! Silver King Fizz works its magic by means of (1) the pure mineral water with which it is made; (2) its lime and other fruit juice content; (3) a secret pure ingredient. Result—a silver lining to Prohibition, and a merrier New Year to you!

If you like a dry, refreshing beverage—without any alcoholic tinge whatsoever—you'll approve Silver King Fizz straight. It's sparkling—distinctive.

P. S.—Certain benighted dealers haven't secured Silver King Fizz. Even your dealer might disappoint you! If he does, write to us direct, giving his name. We'll see he gets a supply for you. Waukesha Mineral Water Company, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

SILVER KING FIZZ

The Marvelous Mixer
with the
LIME TANG



SLIP

WITH the lecture season in full swing we are reminded of a certain lecturer who talks about explorations he has made into dangerous lands.

Once he held an audience spellbound with the recital of a South Seas adventure he had had in a skiff. Into the craft dropped a large and agile python which encircled a native woman who was in the boat. Another native drew a long knife. "I saw him raise it," said the lecturer. "There was a flash and off fell the python's head. The native had severed it with one blow."

There was a momentary pause while the audience murmured its awe and its envy of the man who had witnessed scenes like this.

"And they tell me," resumed the lecturer a moment later, rather absently, "that could actually have happened."—*New Yorker*.

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

GRADED

Not all the cigars in the tobacconists' windows are meant for smoking, says a trade-paper. That explains much. The man in our compartment the other night must have been smoking a cooking cigar.—*Punch*.

"I HAVE NO luck with women."

"Lucky fellow!"—*Nebelspalter (Zurich)*.



SHE: Hello? How did you find yourself?

HE: Well, I jus' looked under the table an' there I was!

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY (LONDON).

SCHOOLBOY howler in history: "Raids were made on Britain by the pigs and sots."

—*London News and Westminster*.

TAKING NO RISKS

AN IRISHMAN, who had been advised by his solicitor to plead guilty as a first offender, stood in the dock.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the magistrate.

"Guilty, yer Honor, and I've got witnesses to prove it," replied the prisoner.

—*Weekly Telegraph (Sheffield)*.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THEIR BETTER HALVES

WIVES of great men all remind us,
As we scan their mien and gait,
That the men who were as blind as
That, cannot have been so great.

—*Dublin Opinion*.

A SPORTS writer, attributing the origin of golf to the Scotch, says, however, that a game remotely resembling golf was played by the Dutch even earlier. Our game, evidently, is the Dutch version.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

A WASTE BASKET must embitter a circular letter that has crossed the country in a plane.

—*Akron Beacon-Journal*.

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White teeth deceive 4 out of 5 BECAUSE ..

teeth are only as healthy as the gums

SO many people think they are secure when teeth are gleaming white. But too often they surrender to a disease of neglect—Pyorrhea.

Lurking behind clean teeth is this marauder that takes high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger. It ignores the teeth and attacks the gums.

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. And start using the dentifrice that cleans teeth without the use of harsh abrasives and at the same time helps keep the gums firm and healthy. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Morning and night, every day, use Forhan's for the Gums. Massage your gums daily with this dentifrice, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. Then you provide the protection teeth and gums must have. At all druggists—in tubes, 35c and 60c. Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR

an annual institution, for which there is an enormous and ever increasing demand. It is a delightful and welcome Christmas gift for all those who love dogs (and those who don't love dogs don't deserve to have presents).



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Send your order in NOW. The supply is limited.

IF WILLIAM LYON PHELPS WERE A MARKET REPORTER

PEOPLE are always asking me why I prefer cats to dogs. That thought cropped up in my mind when the editor asked me to write a report on Wall Street. Why should I? But again why should I not? For cats are essential after all no less than dogs. Still, I must confess a sneaking and bourgeois predilection for the Big Board. When General Motors cut its melon, a fruity slice, not one of your tranches of the Continental breakfast fame but something substantial, I was quite surprised.

The tone of the market was steady toward the close but flurries of selling broke out now and then. Which reminds me that I was walking along the Rue de Chambéry in Paris last summer (all the world loves to be in Paris in August!) when I met a little child with golden hair and a little wooden boat. The child started to cry and just then a nursemaid picked her up and fled. Something mysterious which I have never been able to fathom.

Speaking of religion (but was I?), something of the same thing happened last May when I was playing tennis with Prof. Peterkins at Yale. I shot a forehand drive to his left corner and he slipped and fell in trying to retrieve it.

"I'm sunk," he cried brightly and an informal gallery gathered and began to laugh.

And back to the market again! I will get on that subject. Stocks cracked today to the lowest levels in seven years. In a mad panic of selling sales crossed the five-million mark. Steel fell 60 and Radio 45. I refrain from adding any more unpleasant details. I held ten shares of Steel, you know. If Aunt Millie could only see me now!

—Loren Carroll, in *Chicago Evening Post*.

THE POWER OF THE EYE

"He strode across the room to the window and looked out and it stopped raining."

—*Provincial Paper*.

WHEN we do that it comes on more heavily than ever.—*Humorist (London)*.



Four Glorious Winter Vacation Cruises of Recreation and Romance by the luxurious oil burning turbine sisterships—

VOLENDAM or VEENDAM

16 Day Cruises by S. S. Volendam
From N. Y. Jan. 26 & Feb. 10, 1929

Visiting Bermuda, Kingston, Port-au-Prince (Haiti) Havana and Nassau—\$230. up.

From New York March 9, 1929

Visiting Kingston (Jamaica), Colon (Panama), Havana and Nassau—\$230. up.

29 Day Cruise by S. S. Veendam
From N. Y. February 12, 1929

Visiting Nassau, Havana, Santiago, Kingston (Jamaica), Colon (Panama), Curacao, La Guayra, Caracas, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, San Juan and Bermuda—\$385. up. Cruise rates include comprehensive shore excursions, carefully arranged and carried out by Frank Tourist Company.

Illustrated Brochures 14 sent on request.

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10 minutes ago-



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! How often you've heard of its quick relief of sore throat and tonsilitis. No wonder millions use it to conquer colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it has no effect on the heart. All drugstores.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

In Perpetuity

Hereafter LIFE's Fresh Air Endowments Will Be \$500

(Continued from page 20)

from our other resources. But now, the whole scale of the world is altered. Camp costs — food — clothing — care — all have gone up. Everything is changed, except the children. They remain. The little ones of the less fortunate still cry to us for help. They remain, and we remain. And, thank God, hearts are still at their old work of being understanding and sympathetic and generous.

To sustain the endowments already received, which are in the safekeeping of The Bankers' Trust Company, we have been obliged to draw from other funds to make up the deficit. Today, \$8.50 does not come anywhere near covering the expenses of a child's vacation.

There is no disguising the fact that we must increase the sum if we are to keep

up the work. Therefore, an endowment to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund will cost, hereafter, \$500.

This will provide an income of from \$22.50 to \$25 (legal investments of trust funds do not carry, you understand, fancy rates of interest). But this will, in all probability, be sufficient to defray the expenses of one child's eighteen-day holiday at either of LIFE's Camps, summer after summer.

It will make it possible, each year, to turn some heavy little heart into a happy one, to make some tiny slum-worn body plump and strong, to take fear out of some terrified child's soul and put in its place the knowledge that, after all, this world is a perfectly grand old place to live in.

WE gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following funds with which to establish additional endowments:

From Wilhelm Mervyn Baum, Chicago, Illinois, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 326
As a memorial to "Grandma Baum."

From E. Penniman Eddy, Wareham, England, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENTS Nos. 327 AND 328.
In Memory of Effie Penniman.

From Mrs. Katherine McDearmott, Pasadena, California, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 329
"In memory of my son,
Kenneth McDearmott."

From Edward J. Wheeler, Esq., Albany, New York, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 330
An addition to the Yale-Wheeler fund, already established.

From Miss Marjorie T. Noble, Portland, Oregon, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 331
"In memory of my Mother."

From John T. Cooper, Los Angeles, California, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 332
"In memory of Harry H. Cooper."

From Mrs. Henry L. Stambach, Santa Barbara, California, to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT No. 333
In memory of Dr. Henry Laing Stambach.

OUR OWN PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Answers to "Knock the L Out" on page 20

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| No. 1. Colt—cot | No. 7. Flood—food |
| No. 2. Cold—cod | No. 8. Hole—hoe |
| No. 3. Label—Abel | No. 9. Plant—pant |
| No. 4. Lass—ass | No. 10. Slap—sap |
| No. 5. Plunk—punk | No. 11. Plug—pug |
| No. 6. Play—pay | No. 12. Learn—earn |

first



and



last

FROM the first smoke in the morning to the last one at night is a long smoking day—far too long to expect your mouth to stand up without a bit of help.

It takes but a little effort to give your mouth that help and you'll be surprised how much more pleasing your whole smoking day will be if you start the morning with a thorough brushing with Squibb's Dental Cream.

Squibb's not only freshens your mouth *then*, but it also keeps on working *long after you use it*. The minute grains of Milk of Magnesia deposited in the mouth crevices constantly fight any tendency to fuzziness or irritation, and keep the breath sweet.

If that last puff isn't every bit as good as the first, use Squibb's Dental Cream morning and night. Then let your smoking taste judge the difference. 40c at any druggist's.

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Why not New Year's Eve in Havana

DO it differently this year . . . Forget the shivering celebration of the past . . . sing your Auld Lang Syne where the moonbeams are warm and generous . . . Revel in Havana's tropical allurements . . . Intriguing sidewalk cafés . . . fascinating casinos . . . Jai Alai games . . . horse-racing . . . golf . . . swimming . . . dancing . . . long, sunshiny days . . . soft, star-studded nights . . . that's Havana! All this gaiety . . . adventure . . . romance . . . for less than the customary New Year's party at home. The transatlantic liner Caronia with the usual Cunard appointments and service will sail on a special 9 day cruise Dec. 27th . . . all expenses, \$175 up. Beginning Jan. 5th, the Caronia will leave New York every Saturday . . . from Havana every Tuesday. Advance hotel reservations, if you desire, in Havana. Special 13 day trips . . . all expenses . . . \$210 up.

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD

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Improves the Appetite
Aids Digestion

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At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

READING MATTERS



by "MR. BLETTSWORTHY ON RAMPOL ISLAND" (Doubleday, Perry Doran) is the latest book by H. G. Wells, and, as such, deserves your attention. According to the title page, it is the "Story of a Gentleman of Culture and Refinement who suffered Shipwreck and saw no Human Beings other than Cruel and Savage Cannibals for several years. How he beheld Megatheria alive and made some notes of their Habits. How he became a Sacred Lunatic. How he did at last escape in a Strange Manner from the Horror and Barbarities of Rampole Island in time to fight in the Great War and how afterwards he came near returning to that Island forever. With much amusing and Edifying Matter concerning Manners, Customs, Beliefs, Warfare, Crime, and a Storm at Sea. Concluding with some Reflections upon Life in General and these Present times in Particular."

Mr. Wells is up to his old tricks: may I call your attention to the words, "Edifying . . . Reflections . . . Life in General." There you have it. Mr. Wells is nothing if not "Edifying." He has the classroom voice, the professorial manner. He couldn't say, "Good morning!" without tracing the derivation of the word "good," telling you what it was in Early Saxon, Late Paleolithic and Middling German, and explaining the exact astronomical significance of "morning." Mr. Wells promises you card tricks, but the moment he steps upon the stage, it becomes a platform; the magic wand with which he was going to drag a good story out of a hat becomes a pointer, a blackboard materializes from somewhere, and the lecture is on . . .

This time, the learned old gentleman feels that we in the cheap seats should know something of early tribal customs and their bearing on what is optimistically called "civilization." So he takes us to Rampole Island, one of those undiscovered places, full of prehistoric mammalia, which are so convenient when somebody wants to prove something. There, in the company of the gentlemanly Mr. Blettsworthy, we discover the utter loathsomeness of the savages. Just as we are congratulating ourselves on being civilized, we return to the world, and—what do you think?—the Germans have invaded Belgium and it looks like WAR!

As a matter of fact, it is war, only we didn't know it, having been confined in an asylum along with the unfortunate Blettsworthy. Instead of the good old reliable dream sequence, Mr.—or perhaps I

16 and 40 No Excess Fat



It's easy to avoid

Everybody knows that excess fat is nowhere near so common as it was. Mothers look like daughters. Slender figures are the rule. You should know how scientific research has brought this change about.

Science has discovered that a great cause of excess fat lies in a deficient gland. No starvation, no over-work can cure it. The cause must be corrected, and that lies in a gland which largely controls nutrition.

Modern physicians, in treating obesity, attack that cause. They supply the lack. That is why excess fat has so fast disappeared in late years. Slender figures are the vogue.

A great medical laboratory, years ago, embodied this new method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. You see the results wherever you look. There is new youth and beauty, new health and vitality. Excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

Do what these people have done—multitudes of them, for 21 years. They have seen the fat go, seen new youth and vigor come back. Friends all about you will testify to that.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the reasons for results. You will know exactly why these good effects appear. Get back to normal weight in this scientific way. Fat is a disease. You will benefit in many ways when the cause is ended. Start now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

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should say—*Doctor Wells* arranges his ending with one of the nicer forms of insanity.

Of course, the book is not obviously a treatise. There are a love story, a shipwreck, a war scene, and a homecoming to the girl Mr. Blettsworthy left behind him, whom he met while insane and married. But Mr. Wells's fictional disguise is a little like the sugar coating surrounding the arithmetic problems which begin, "Tom, Dick, and Harriet were out for a walk and came to a river... the boat held two people... how did they all get across without leaving Harriet alone? Tom had one dollar, Dick had one dollar, and Harriet had fifty cents. How did Harriet get the two-fifty?" Well, you know the type....

If you are interested in seeing Mr. Wells's brains perform—and that is a noble sight in itself—I can recommend "Mr. Blettsworthy." But if you really want to know about early tribal customs, read Sir John Fraser's "Golden Bough."

"THE MURDERS IN SURREY WOOD" (*Dutton*), is far from being the worst detective story of the month. And such faint praise, from one who gives the current crop of knee-knockers a very low mark indeed, is not so bad. The author, John Arnold, has taken the traditional mysterious house in the quiet English countryside, added Scotland Yard, a country doctor with a liking for detective work, a secret passage, a disposal plant for bodies, a girl whose brother is mixed up in the affair, a Chinese chauffeur, a pair of miniatures, two escaped bank robbers, and a decadent Marquis with a nasty secretary. Yet Mr. Arnold deserves great credit for one innovation: the Girl, much admired by the Doctor, turns out to be something less than sweet, and marries someone else, to the great surprise of her rescuer and the general public. Thank you, Mr. Arnold.

THESE HOBBYISTS

(A few press reportings on the mild insanities indulged in by avid collectors.)

MME. F. LITVINE, of Paris, is a collector of famous bonnets, and her star chapeau is one that belonged to Bernhardt.

Jack Ermerin, of Washington, collects auto license tags, and the pride of his heart is a specimen from Haiti.

F. C. Kenworthy, Pittsburgh, collects trolley transfers, and his prize specimen comes from Constantinople.

Dr. P. O. Ray of Berkeley, Cal., collects election ballots and his most valued item is fourteen feet long.

Mrs. D. C. Pentz, of Lemoyne, Pa., gathers supernumerary clover leaves, and her luckiest specimen is a seven-leaver.

W. C. Noack, of West Albany, collects cigarettes, and the stellar attraction of his assortment is a Black Coyano from South America.

W. E. Farbstain.

EVERY WOMAN FACES THIS ANNUAL PROBLEM

What shall I give him for Christmas



Give him a year of smiling mornings in 1929.

If you could see the pleased surprise on his face when he first learns the marvel of a Schick shave, you would not hesitate, you would decide now.

Your gift can make shaving painless, pleasant. To husband, father, brother, fiance or friend—from woman to man—or from man to man—there can be no better gift than "A smooth shave quick with a Schick."

Nearly all good stores where gifts for men are sold have Schicks. They will show you how it works; how a pull and a push of the plunger replaces the used blade with a new super-keen one from the 20 in Schick's handle.

Silver-plated Schicks cost \$5. Gold-plated \$7.50. Extra clips of 20 blades 75c. Prices are slightly higher in Canada. Magazine Repeating Razor Co., 285 Madison Ave., New York. Canadian distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., Saint John, N. B.

Schick Repeating Razor



A FORM OF CRITICISM

"The Colonel held the glass up to the light, sniffed at the contents suspiciously and, when no one was looking, threw the poet out of the open window."—*From a Novelette.*

We don't know whether the port was poisonous, but we can quite believe that the poet was.

—*Humorist (London).*

TROUBLES OF THE POOR

"If your 'usbng knocks you about like that why don't yer put the police onter 'im?"

"I would, only I can't afford to pay 'is fine."

An instrument very much like a modern ukulele was found in an excavation at Ur. There seems to be less and less in this Good Old Days myth.—*Detroit News.*

PINAFORESQUE

"Zeppelin Commander Began as Psychologist." —*Headline.*

WHEN I was a lad I probed the mists
Of mind which tempt psychologists.
I took mental flights with a joyous grin
And now I am commander of the Zeppelin!

—*Chicago Daily News.*

REGIMEN

BROKEN-DOWN PATIENT: Have I a chance in the world to recover my health, Doctor?

PHYSICIAN: Well, I'd say that if you give up all intoxicating beverages, stop smoking so many cigarettes, cut out the late hours, lay off the bright lights and try eating some good home-cooked foods, I can make a new woman out of you.—*College Humor.*

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you have forgotten your wife's Christmas present (the first year after marriage) on Christmas morning, be nonchalant . . . offer her a MURAD.

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"\$5.00 paid for each EMBARRASSING MOMENT suggestion accepted. Address P. Lorillard Co., 119 West 40th St., N. Y. C."



MORE DOINGS OF THE GAY SPOTANSKIS

(Election Week Correspondence from Oak Creek in the Sherman County, Neb., Times)

Ed. WROBLEWSKI was a caller at the L. Spotanski home Sunday.

F. F. Spotanski and son Albin were callers at Loup City Tuesday.

Frank Spotanski was a caller at the Anton Goodman home Wednesday.

Floyd Spotanski visited with Albin Spotanski Wednesday.

Lonnie Maciejewski and Steven Spotanski were callers at the home of Frank Spotanski Wednesday.

Tony and Clarence Krolikowski and John Bendykowski and L. Spotanski and Steven Spotanski were business callers at Ashton Saturday.

Mrs. Steven Spotanski was a visitor at the L. Spotanski home Saturday.

Ed Spotanski was a caller on Joe Sowokinos Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pray and Mr. and Mrs. John Bendykowski and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spotanski and their families visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Maciejewski on Sunday afternoon. They spent the time playing cards.

Mr. and Mrs. John Turek visited with Mr. and Mrs. Steven Spotanski Sunday.

Otto Sowokinos visited with Ed. Spotanski Sunday afternoon.

THE NEUTRAL

A KANSAS CITY insurance agent entered a store the other day and was surprised to hear voices rising in anger from the rear of the store. He strolled back and found the proprietor in violent altercation with a customer, the proprietor brandishing a revolver, and the customer wielding a wicked-looking knife.

The proprietor, the insurance man was pained to recall, was a policy-holder in the agent's company for \$25,000 insurance. Then the agent glanced at the customer, and was shocked to observe that he also was a policy-holder in the sum of \$15,000.

"Listen, gentlemen," spoke up the agent, "can't this thing be patched up?"

—Kansas City Star.



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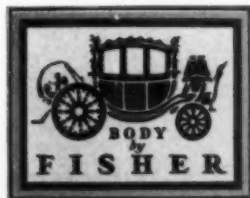
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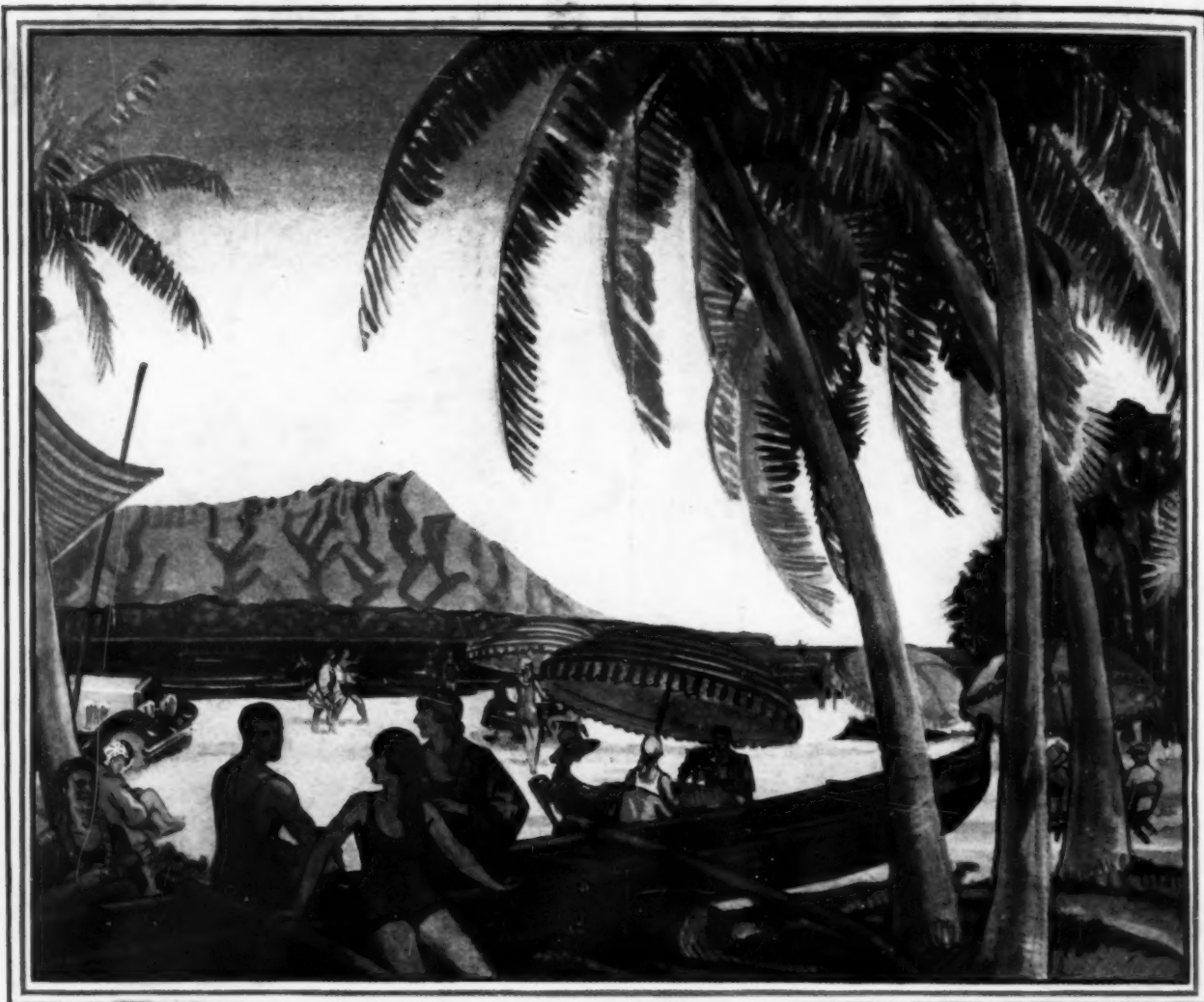


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BE A BEACHCOMBER in Hawaii this winter—with time off for bridge and tea and golf!

Enjoy long drifting days of delicious irresponsibility. Forget the cares of the busy world. Forget to go home! It may be the middle of winter, but flying fish skim over a warm sea of amethyst, indigo and jade. Or, if you come when the golden shower and flame trees bloom in spring or summer or autumn, you'll play golf where the thermometer never goes above 85°.

Hawaii's hotels range from a \$4,000,000 palace on Waikiki Beach to quiet cottages that nestle under the palms and *hau* trees. It's only a step from their ultra-modern comforts to the

primitive ways of the South Seas—from dress and bridge and dancing to torch-fishing on a coral reef at midnight, with an old Hawaiian to point out the shapes of strange-named painted fish.

Golf on scenic courses everywhere; inter-island cruising among the fairy islands of Kauai, Oahu, Maui and Hawaii; deep-sea fishing for swordfish, *ono*, *ulua* and tuna; Oriental bazaars; swimming, surfboarding, outrigger-canoeing;

trips to volcanic wonderlands where forests of giant tree-ferns lie along the motor roads. You must stay long enough to see it all!

The round trip from the Pacific Coast, 2,000 miles each way, need not cost more than \$400 or \$500, including all steamer fares and your hotels and inter-island sightseeing for a two weeks' stay. You can even go for less—or stay longer—or, of course, pay whatever you like for de luxe accommodations equal to those of Europe's most renowned resorts.

Ask your local ticket man. He can book you direct from home, via San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver without passports or formalities—this is U. S. A.

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